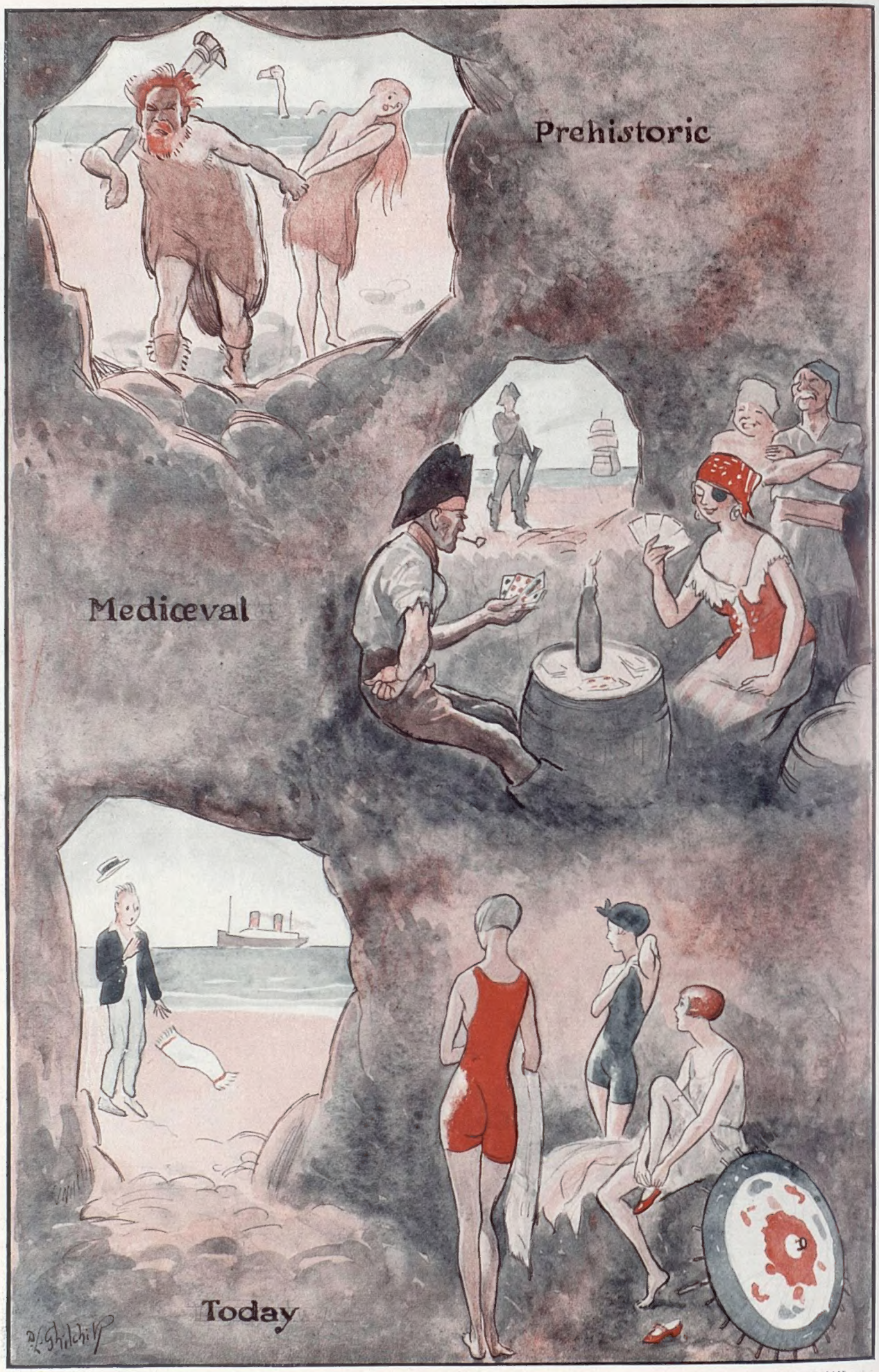
The Bystander, August 27, 1924 No. 1082. Vol. LXXXIII.

The BYSTANDER

Photograph *Maull and Fox*

LADY MOIRA COMBE

The elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Clonmell. Her husband, Major Henry Combe, D.S.O., is in the Royal Horse Guards



BY D. L. GHILCHIK

THE EVOLUTION OF THE CAVE-MAN

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

"ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE"

IT IS ONLY YOUR SCHOOLBOY WHO FEELS THAT THE LONG DAYS WILL NEVER END.

Glorious First, Indeed!

WHEN I hear people speaking of the "Glorious First," I feel very much as a partridge must feel. You must search for my enthusiasm with a magnifying glass and a fine toothcomb. And, when you have sought all day, you will find nothing at all.

Sitting in the Sunshine

I AM not one of those who are perpetually reaching out for the new thing. I like to take my pleasures as I go along. I hate to throw the summer away like an old shoe, and babble about the beauties of the autumn. I shall enjoy the autumn well enough when it comes, but I am a contented soul, and I should like to sit in the sunshine a little longer.

The Pageant Passes

TRUTH to tell, I am a little alarmed at the speed with which the Pageant of Life is passing. It is only your schoolboy who feels that the long days will never end. Myself, I have barely settled down comfortably at Lord's when they are playing trial games at Highbury and I have to start organising the daily round all over again. Is it a sign of advancing years when the splendid star of Cricket rises and sets at such a rate that it becomes a meteor flashing across the skies of sport? I find it all very disturbing—no Glorious First for me!

The Solitary Mourner

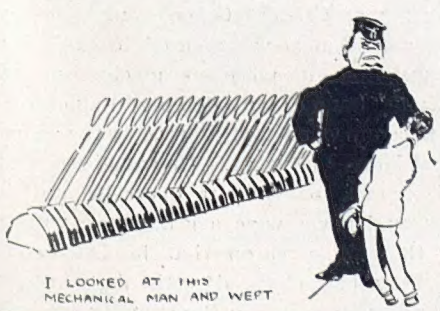
MIND you, I shall be quite pleased to get back to Twickenham when the time comes. I shan't sit about and croak of the summer that is dead. And though I can enjoy a day's hunting with anyone, I like to be decently off with the old love before I am on with the new. I deprecate the indecent haste with which some people can carry off a parting, even though it entails nothing more serious than an *au revoir*. I take my partings to heart, and lest this coming month of September should get swelled head, I would remind it that in about thirty days' time it will be placed firmly in the dustbin along with all the other dear departeds by the very people who are now clamouring over its advent. And I, who now stand a little aloof, will be the solitary mourner

Less Than the Dust

WE are getting back to our Clubs after the summer closures, and, truth to tell, we are mightily relieved thereat. True, we have nothing but gratitude for the hospitality extended to us by the members of those other clubs who have played the part of hosts during our homeless period, but it is a little trying to be on one's best behaviour for any length of time. Think of the old gentlemen who haven't grumbled at a waiter for a month! Their tempers must be in such a congested state that it will be several weeks before they get back to normal. And think of those distinguished members who, after being Kings of Babylon in their own clubs, have found themselves less than the dust beneath the chariot wheels of their temporary homes. They will return a little shaken in their self-esteem, but, if one can judge from similar happenings in the past, their *amour propre* will have suffered no permanent injury.

Chocolate Pirates

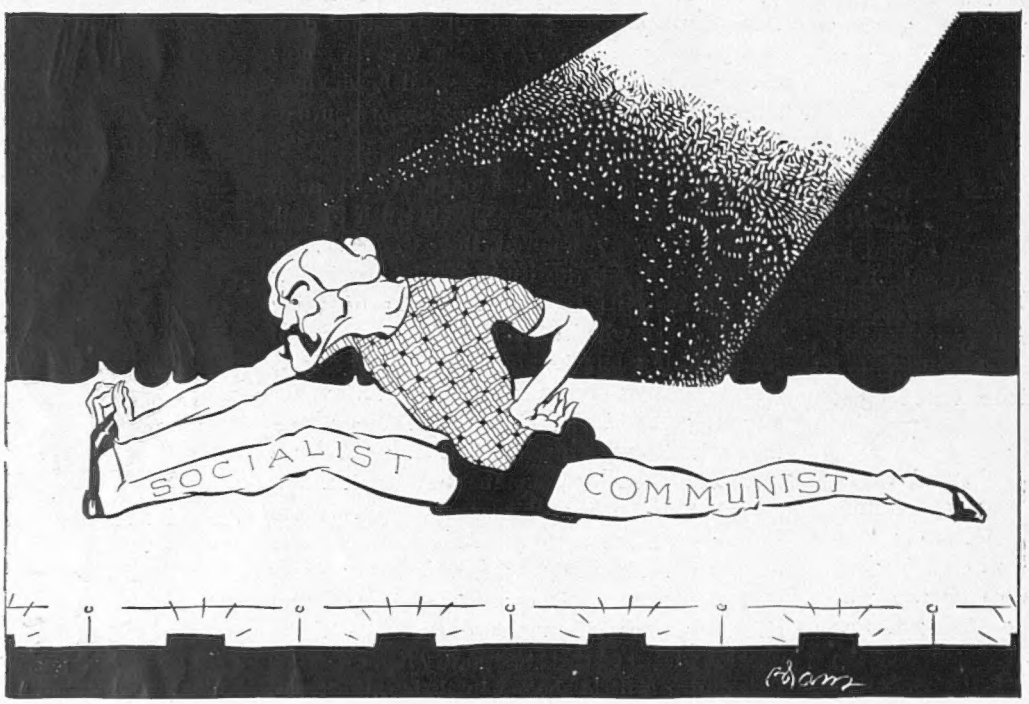
WHO pays the police to catch the chocolate pirates at the Oval? These wicked men mix in the crowd and sell chocolates at tuppence a bar, and you might think there was no very great harm in that. But you reckon without the Great Chocolate Concession. A big catering firm holds the sole rights for the sale of sweets



at the Surrey headquarters, and it is a sin for any amateur confectioner to encroach on their preserves. Accordingly, the police are kept busy diving in and out of the crowd, seizing the pirates and marching them to the nearest exit.

Who Pays?

I AM bound to say that the police perform their task with great good-humour, but I am interested to know why they should be asked to perform it at all. During the last Test Match some ten thousand spectators were asking the same question. Who pays for their services—the public, the Surrey authorities, or the contractors? Not the public, I feel sure, but if I, as a ratepayer, am charged with the wear and tear of even a single truncheon, I protest publicly that the quarrel is no concern of mine, unless I happen to resent the inconvenience caused by these sporadic raids upon the pirates. The Oval crowd were treating the affair as a joke for some time, but towards the finish the general opinion seemed to be that the police might find something better to do with their time—an opinion in which the guardians of law and order seemed to share.



"THE SPLITS" By BLAM

Academic Displays

THERE was a little mild barracking at the Oval during this last Test Match of which we have been talking—a half-jocular protest against the carefulness of certain players who, at times, seemed afraid to let the ball hit the bat. Naturally, the old stagers went pink about the gills, and asked what cricket was coming to, damme? Yet the players will be wise to take note of these little demonstrations, however ill-timed or light-hearted they may seem at the moment. For the one lesson of this season is that cricket has been getting into a bit of a groove. Those wretched tables of averages published in the daily papers seem to overawe some of our batsmen, with the result that we have been treated to some academic displays of defensive tactics, when a plucky attempt to snatch a victory from the clock would have been more to our taste.

Who Are They?

DID you know that many of the characters who say and do the funny things in the comic papers are often well-known people whose names are household words? I don't mean, by this, that they make the humorous remarks attributed to them, for many of the originals are very serious indeed. I am only telling you, for your information, that when you see a mild little man carrying a ton of luggage you are probably looking at a famous entertainer, while the tramp who is calling at the backdoor of "Acacia Villa" is quite possibly a distinguished eye-specialist. That is the danger of belonging to the same club as a humorous artist—you never know when he is making a lightning sketch of your profile upon the cuff of his dress shirt. And, as there is no copyright in faces, you have to grin and bear it

The Ten-League Canvas

TALKING of artists, I am wondering how long Burlington House will continue to be the headquarters of the Royal Academy. Not that the lease is falling in—the trouble strikes much deeper than that. Now that people are living in smaller houses, there is no sale for the huge pictures that were bought by our grandfathers, and the painters are wisely suiting their output to the prevailing demand. But the galleries of the great Piccadilly temple of art are quite unsuited to the sort of picture that goes well on the wall of a country cottage or a Mayfair flat. They were intended for men who "splashed at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comets' hair," and the modern artist must be feeling more and more that it is an expensive privilege to be hung on the line at the R.A.

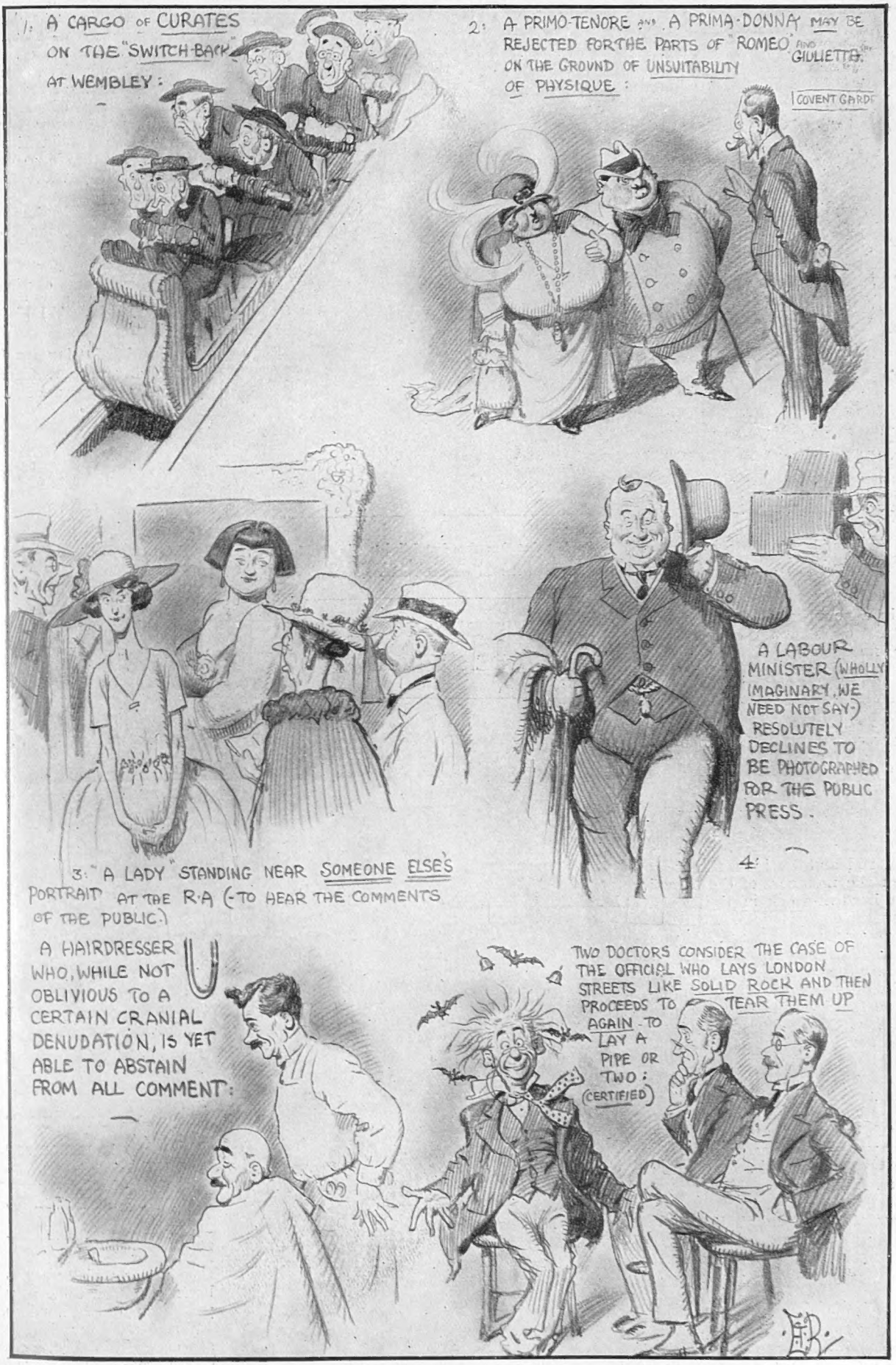
Watching the Wheels

WHEN I was a small boy, part of the fascination of watching the wheels go round was to watch the man who watched the wheels. I used to stand for hours outside power-stations, while misguided old gentlemen patted me on the head and told me that I should one day be a great engineer. My lines--by kind permission of my friends, the printers—have fallen in other places, but I have never lost my love of the big black engine, so when last week I was given an opportunity of looking over the new sub-station at Burnt Oak, on the newly opened Underground line between Hendon and Edgware, I seized the chance with avidity.

Romance is Dead

BUT the chief engineer who showed me round was a soulless fellow. Fairly bursting with pride, he explained that the sub-station was entirely automatic, being controlled from another station at Golders Green, four miles away, through the agency of what he was pleased to call a Master Controller—an insignificant piece of mechanism which switched in various handles in definite sequence and switched them out again when anything was wrong. I looked at this Mechanical Man—and wept. *He* would never drink tea out of a billy-can, or spill it over his stiff blue dungarees. *He* would never wipe a grimy nose with a bit of oily rag, for the simple reason that he had no nose. Even our machinery has changed with the times, and there is no longer any Romance in the running ratchets.

Hope Springs Eternal . . . .



BY E. T. REED

A few things we may reasonably hope for——especially in the Silly Season. And after all—hasn't Germany promised to pay?

WHO, WHEN, and WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

RACE-Y SMILES

A group at the Deauville races who seem unperturbed by the fact that Donoghue just failed to win the big handicap on Condover. The party includes: Mr. Joe Coyne (left), Comte de Montal, Capt. Winkfield, Mrs. Arthur Bendir, who owns Condover, Mrs. and Mr. Clement Hobson and Mr. Arthur Bendir

The Royal Family and Fishing

I SAW in a newspaper the other day a discreet expression of surprise because no member of the Royal family cares for fishing. But why should anybody be surprised? Fishing is one of the sports that demand not only leisure, but constant experience from youth upwards. And what member of the Royal family has time for a few days' fishing? All of them have far too many engagements.

Take salmon-fishing, for example. It can't be learnt in a day, and I think you will find most of its votaries busy with rod and gaff at the very time when the members of the Royal family are hard at work in the South fulfilling public engagements. Few men can follow every kind of sport. If you look round all your acquaintances, you will find that the man who hunts cares less for shooting than the man who is not keen on hunting, and that the man who fishes, although he may shoot, very often never hunts.

Shooting and hunting are the favourite sports of the King and the Princes, and as they have no time for anything else—the King has to be content with one week of his favourite recreation, yachting—why should surprise be expressed because none of them are keen on fishing?

The Future of Marlborough House

RUMOUR is persistent to the effect that Queen Alexandra is anxious to hand over Marlborough House to the Prince of Wales. Increasing years and the fatigues of London make it improbable that the Queen-Mother will ever occupy the house again for any length of time, and, large as it is for a bachelor establishment, it would certainly make a more important abode for the heir to the Throne than York House.

If the Prince should move to Marlborough House, it is generally thought that the Duke and Duchess of York would become the occupants of York House, which was especially arranged for the King and Queen after their marriage, and remained unoccupied during the ten years they were Prince and Princess of Wales.

White Lodge is not proving an easy residence for the Duke and Duchess of York because of its distance from London, as was proved by their occupation of Chesterfield House during this season. An abode so central as York House would, therefore, solve many difficulties.

Queen Alexandra has decided not to appoint a successor to her faithful old servant, Sir Dighton Probyn, as Comptroller of her household. The duties are now carried out by Sir Henry Streatfeild, Her Majesty's private secretary.

An English-Italian Duchess

IN giving you, a fortnight ago, the family history of Count Roberto Lucchesi-Palli, who is engaged to Lady Hermione Herbert, I told you that the title under which the young couple will be known after their marriage had not yet been decided. Also, that Count Roberto's father had only recently succeeded his brother as Prince of Campofranco and Duke della Grazia, and that the head of the family sometimes took the princely, sometimes the ducal title. Since telling you this, the decision has been made.

MATTERS OF "COURSE" AT DEAUVILLE

Photograph *Sport and General*

FOLLOWING THEIR FANCY

Capt. and Mrs. Weldon Champneys on their way to watch the fate of the horse which "carries the money" represented by the Pari-mutuel "chit," carefully held by Mrs. Champneys

Photograph *Topical*

THE PRINCE ARRIVES

The Prince of Wales and Brig.-Gen. Frederic Trotter, who motored over from Le Touquet for the races, during his stay at Deauville last week. His Royal Highness is now on his way to America

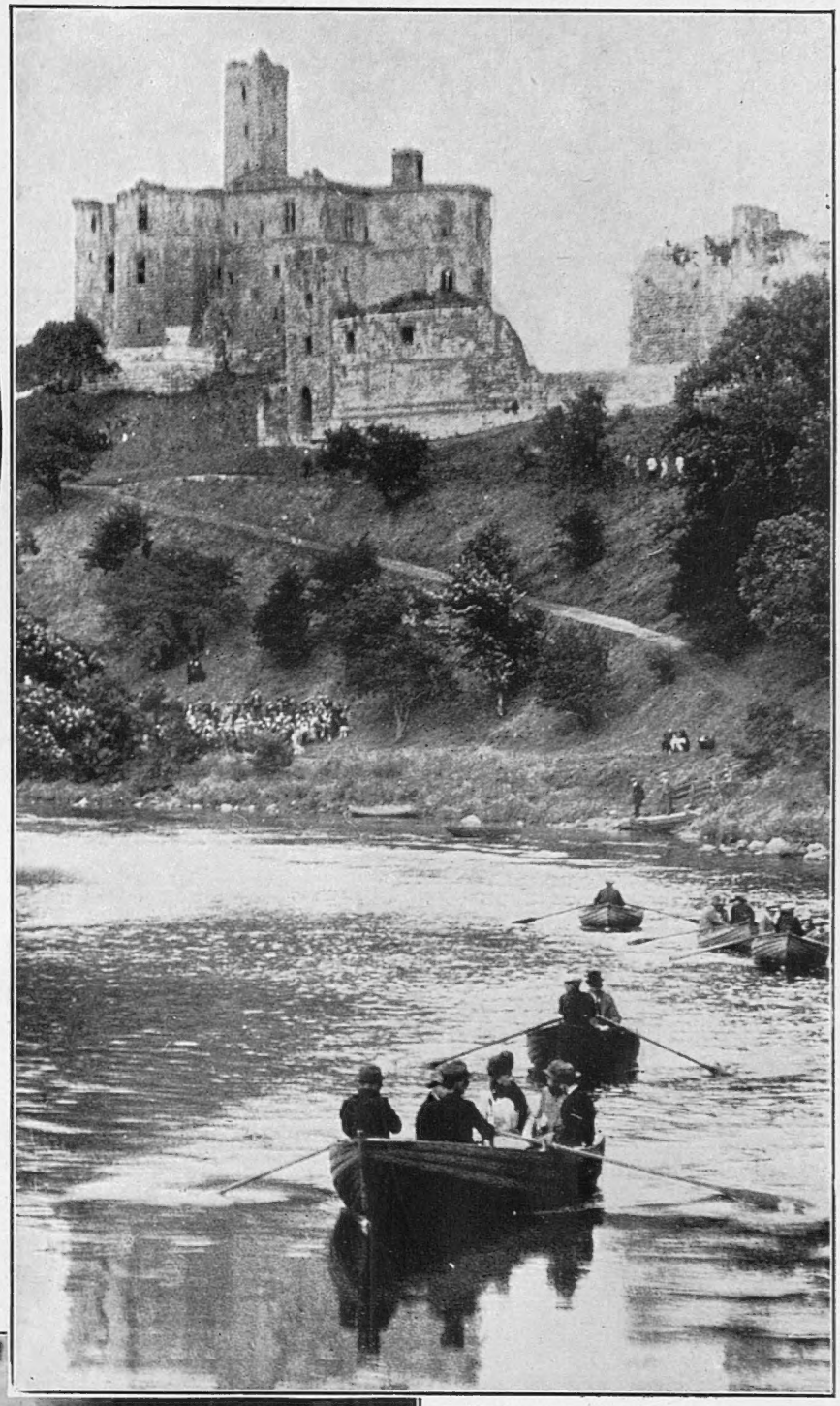
Photograph *Barratt*

LADY ELPHINSTONE

In the gardens of Carberry Towers, Musselburgh, Lord Elphinstone's Scottish seat, where the Queen paid a visit last Saturday during her stay in the North. Lady Elphinstone is the eldest daughter of the Earl of Strathmore

The father will be Prince of Campofranco and Count Roberto will be Duke della Grazia. This means that, when she marries, Lady Hermione will be the only Englishwoman bearing the title of an Italian Duchess, besides the Dowager Duchess of Sermoneta, who was born a Wilbraham, and married the late Duke of Sermoneta in 1867.

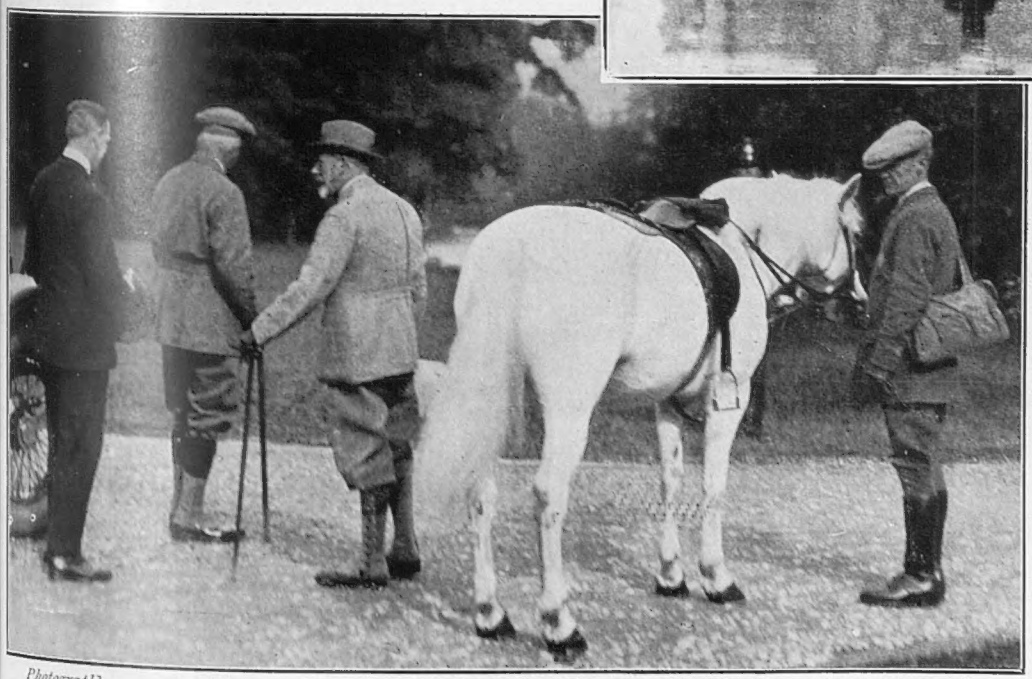
The young people met at Palermo, where the Lucchesi-Palli have a property inherited from the new Duke della Grazia's grandmother. So far, I hear, the bridegroom-to-be, who is now on a visit to Lord and Lady Powis, speaks little or no English.



Photograph *Topical*

THE QUEEN IN NORTHUMBERLAND

The Queen, seen in the foremost boat with the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, being rowed to inspect the Hermitage, near Warkworth Castle, which is seen in the background. During her visit, the Queen stayed at Alnwick Castle



Photograph] [*Photopress*

A SHOOTING MORNING

His Majesty The King with the Duke of Devonshire, about to set out for a day's shooting on the moors during his Majesty's recent stay at Bolton Abbey, the Duke's Yorkshire seat

October as Good as June

TIME was when no bride would have dreamt of a London wedding in the autumn because the majority of the friends and relatives on both sides would have been out of town. But nowadays September and October are almost as fashionable marriage months as June and July.

This autumn promises a record. Early in October, the Hon. Inigo Freeman-Thomas, Lord Willingdon's heir, will be married to Miss Maxine Forbes-Robertson, the daughter of Sir Johnstone Forbes-Robertson, another alliance between the peerage and the stage. A few days later, Lord Ridley will marry Miss Ursula Lutyens, the daughter of Sir Edwin

Photograph *Central News*

A FAMILY FOURSOME

The Viscountess Hampden with her four daughters and Miss Hope Vere at North Berwick

Photograph *G. W. Day*

ONE MORE BEFORE THE NINETEENTH——

Lord Derby and Colonel Sir Courtauld Thomson leaving the eighteenth tee on the links at Gullane, the pretty little village four miles from North Berwick, where Lord Derby has been spending his holiday

Lutyens, the famous architect. Another London autumn wedding will be that of the Hon. Alexander Baring, Lord Ashburton's eldest son, to the Hon. Doris Harcourt, the eldest daughter of the late Viscount Harcourt. Owing to the tragic death through a riding accident of the bridegroom's sister, the wedding will be a quiet one. In the country the most notable autumn wedding will be that of Sir Godfrey Thomas, the Prince of Wales's private secretary, to Miss Diana Hoskyns in Chichester Cathedral.

A Good Bargain

THE Saxons have certainly made an excellent bargain with their former King, Frederick Augustus. They have decided to give him a lump sum equivalent to £15,000, and an annual pension of about £2,000. But the agreement as to the pension only runs for four years. In return they get the superb collection of pictures at Dresden, the priceless treasures in the famous Green Vaults, and the royal castles throughout the country. The value of all these must run into several millions of pounds.

Since the *dèbâcle*, Frederick Augustus has been living at Sybillenort, a castle he owns in Silesia. Princess Blücher, in her book, *An English Wife in Berlin*, tells us of the flight of the Saxon Royal Family from Dresden, when they were threatened with death after the revolution, and how a gentleman-in-waiting "spent the greater part of the night wheeling away the Crown jewels and other valuables in a wheelbarrow to a hiding place" known only to himself and a trusted servant. Other jewels worth two million were brought away by another servant hidden under his coat.

Photograph *G. W. Day*

BRIGHT YOUNG PEOPLE

Mrs. de Lande Long and her little daughter, Pamela, on the golf course at Gullane

Princess Blücher also told us that Sybillenort was "always kept as a show place and only used for two or three weeks' hunting occasionally." It had no electric light, no heating, "nothing for the winter." The jewels have apparently helped to remedy these

Photograph] **A HOUSE PARTY IN PERTHSHIRE** *[Sport & General*

Mr. and Mrs. Drysdale Kilburn and their guests at Croscraig, Rannoch. Besides the host and hostess, the picture includes: Mrs. Gorman, Mrs. P. P. Eckersley, Mr. P. F. Shaw-Stewart, Mr. A. Rose, Mr. C. M. Knight, Dr. Mosely and Capt. Eckersley

discomforts, for, according to Frederick Augustus's divorced wife, the unhappy Princess Louise of Tuscany, who is now reduced to penury in Brussels, he has a staff of sixty servants at Sybillenort.

Signs and Portents?

THE proviso of the pension for only four years is curious, especially in view of the fact that a proposal by the Communists to turn the Royal Palace at Dresden into a home for sick children was defeated in the Saxon Parliament, which also, in granting the pension, passed a vote of thanks to the Royal Family.

I should never be surprised if the students I read, "All the best-dressed ladies of the twentieth century approximate more to the style of the thirteenth century than to those of any other women in English history." It seemed an astonishing statement, as the fixed idea in one's mind was that in those early centuries the strong priestly influence kept the ladies closely covered from chin to ankle. But a consultation of some authorities on costume since Norman times proved the lecturer to be right.

The gowns you see on every woman nowadays, cut low at the neck, short sleeved, and reaching midway between knee and ankle, straight in lines, and

"YOURS!"
Mr. A. C. McCorquodale (in foreground) and Colonel H. G. Sotheby, on Green Corry, during Mr. McCorquodale's shoot at Glenspean, Inverness-shire

NO SMOKE WITHOUT FIRE
Mr. Drysdale Kilburn illustrates an old adage in a seasonable way on the Perthshire moors

THESE DOG-DAYS
Colonel Sir Thomas Pilkington with two sporting companions on Lady Cross Moor, Yorkshire

THE DISTAFF SIDE OF SHOOTING
Mrs. Gorman (left) and Mrs. Drysdale Kilburn at the Croscraig shoot

Wettin family were restored to the Saxon throne, or the Wittelbachs to that of Bavaria. Quite recently, two members of the Bavarian Royal Family occupied the Royal box at the old Court Theatre in Munich, "for all the world," my informant said, "as if nothing had happened." It is true they applied for a box and paid for it. The director gave them the old Royal box immediately!

Fashions and History

IN the report of a lecture on history recently given to some vacation

Photographs] A SHOOTING PARTY IN YORKSHIRE [*Sport and General*
Mr. J. G. Murray's party on Danby Moor, after lunch—so our photographer informs us. Names: Colonel B. Hanbury (left), Sir Harold Reckitt, Mr. R. H. H. Eden, Major Townley, Mrs. J. G. Murray, Mr. Robert Creighton (at the back), the Earl of Kintore, Mrs. Holden and Mr. J. G. Murray

not concerned with amplitude of material, have their absolute counterpart in the sketches of dresses worn at the time when Magna Charta was signed. The reason given by the lecturer for the fashion of the thirteenth century was that money was scarce and material expensive. When people got richer, women burst out into the Tudor hoop, which practically dominated the shape of female dress for two hundred years. The hoop was killed by the French Revolution, but it came to life again for about twenty years in the middle of the nineteenth century in the shape of the crinoline, the fashion of which was set by the Empress Eugénie.

We, at any rate, cannot advance the same reasons as our forbears of the thirteenth century—scarcity of money and expensiveness of material. Perhaps this turning back the pages of history books for some six hundred years by the dressmakers is the outcome of defeat. They made a determined effort—especially in Paris—to bring back the crinoline, and failed. The motor-car, and the changed conditions of women's life, even the life of a woman of fashion, made cages for women's legs an impossibility. So it looks as if the dressmakers hied them to the period anterior to the hoop for inspiration.

But the unanswerable question to the mere male is, why, whether dresses be skimpy and simple, or flowing and complicated, the dressmakers' bills are just the same, with never a reduction for the less quantity of material.

Rice Pudding

In reading Dr. Ethel Smyth's *Impressions that Remained* I was so much struck by one passage that I copied it into my commonplace book. Here it is:

"Why it offends one if a Bishop's wife insists on having rice pudding placed within reach of her husband lest he should wake up hungry in the middle of the night, whereas the same action on the part of a Cardinal's body-servant would strike one charmingly in a biography, I do not know . . . but so it is."

The truth of this reflection was borne in upon me the other day when I heard a lady, newly returned from abroad, holding forth with some acerbity on the etiquette observed at an audience given to her by an exiled Sovereign.

"It was absurd," she said. "I was told I must have gloves, carry a fan, and if I had not a black dress with me, to wear the darkest one I had, 'out of compliment to the present sad situation.' When I got there—the fuss! I was handed on to three people before I reached the lady-in-waiting. Then the three curtseys—one at the door, one in the middle of the room, and one when I reached the table at which the Exiled One was standing. And all this in a trumpery villa! It seemed silly and futile!"

Now, if this lady had been received in a castle instead of in "a trumpery villa" it is ninety-nine chances to one that she would have accepted the etiquette as a matter of course. It is the setting in which the rice pudding is served that rouses our criticism—the difference between a Bishop's wife in a flannelette dressing-gown and a Cardinal's servant in livery.

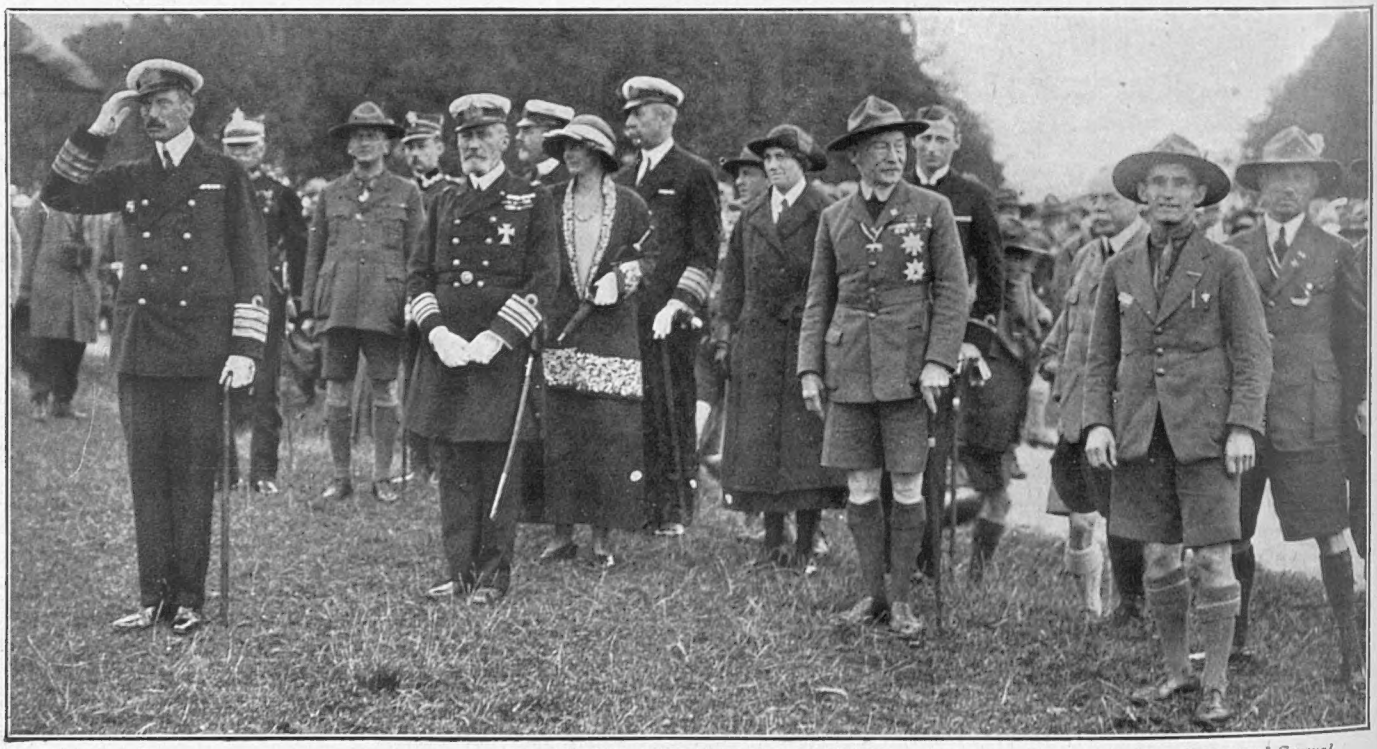
Photograph *Topical*

ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW

Our readers are so used to seeing the Prime Minister through cartoonists' eyes, that we thought it was about time he appeared in a photograph. This picture was taken at Spey Bay, whither the Premier recently motored for a round of golf

Rosemary for Remembrance

Your Bystander begs to bring to your notice a book called *Rosemary* (Sampson Low: 7*s*. 6*d*. net), a collection of short stories, poems, and sketches by well-known authors, compiled by F. de Burgh and Walter Stoneman. The title is well-chosen, for the book has been published in aid of that most deserving of institutions, the Not-Forgotten Association. The name of Miss Marta Cunningham must for ever be held in reverence. It was to her that the idea of continuing those war-time attentions to the wounded and sick soldiers after the Armistice first occurred. To-day there are still thousands of pensioners forced to remain in hospital, and it is for them that the Association exists. But read Sir Sidney Low's preface to *Rosemary*, and you will find all the information you require. And after reading the book, I can assure you that you will get your money's worth and more. Rarely do you find so distinguished a company of authors gathered together between the pages of a single volume.



Photograph] **THE SCOUTS' JAMBOREE IN DENMARK** *[Sport and General*

An interesting group at the international gathering of Boy Scouts at Copenhagen. Our picture shows the King of Denmark taking the salute, others in the group being Prince Valdemar (also in naval uniform), Queen Alexandrine, Prince George of Greece, Lady Baden-Powell, Sir Robert Baden-Powell and (behind Sir Robert) Prince Knud of Denmark

The Highland Games at Crieff

Photograph Topical

THE DUCHESS OF ATHOLL WITH THE COMMITTEE

Photographs

THE HON. JOHN AND MRS. DEWAR

Personality Photo Press

LADY WILLOUGHBY, LORD WILLOUGHBY AND LORD ANCASTER

The Highland Gathering held recently at Crieff was blessed with true Highland weather. But the almost continuous downpour did not affect the largeness of the gathering, whilst cabers were tossed and weights were put with a blissful disregard for climatic conditions which is habitually found north of the Tweed

Motley Musings

AN actor, who has just returned from potting at the elusive grouse, says that he never once got the bird.

. . . . .

THE experts, who have been discussing a certain report, are fortunately not now of Omar's opinion: "This was the Dawes to which we found no key."

. . . . .

A CERTAIN railway is getting it hot. Listen to this wail from Clapham:

Unto its yoke our stalwarts meekly bend;
Daily between the hours of 8 and 9,
To dare worse horrors than the
Pit we send
Sons of the Chatham line!

. . . . .

A LOVESICK Dutchman is completing the journey from Amsterdam to Marseilles by somersaults. He must be head over heels in Love.

. . . . .

COMMENTING on the Roman remains excavated at Folkestone, Jones secundus writes to say that already thirty or fortifications have been discovered.

. . . . .

SOME sporting scribes are still finding excuses for Bloomfield's recent failure. But surely the public doesn't want any new whines on old battles.

. . . . .

AT a recent tennis tournament on the South Coast a gentleman who dared to play in knickerbockers was requested to change
No shorts on the courts there.

. . . . .

WHAT made the lip-stick?
The I-scream punch.

OVERHEARD in the Park: "Oh no, dear, not a cad. Only one of those Bright Young Things!"

. . . . .

A GENTLEMAN farmer in Berkshire is breeding a thousand pigs. He is evidently going the whole hog.

. . . . .

HE was a reliable bookmaker at flat-racing, but when it came to coursing he was all at sea. At a recent meeting of the latter, when the two dogs were slipped, he laid 2 to 1 against one of them and level money the other.

"Crikey, guv'nor," remarked his clerk, "you can't make money that way!"

"Wy?" retorted he of the satchel, "ain't the blinking 'are got a chance?"

. . . . .

NOWADAYS, with all the girls in the chorus showing bare legs, it is more true than ever that distance lends enchantment to revue.

. . . . .

A PROMINENT revue actress is spending her holiday haymaking. Local farmers declare she brings the scent of the footlights right over the hay.

THE PACE THAT KILLS

By A. M. TALINTYRE

"Killed anything?"
"Not a thing! Wish I'd gone motoring now

TALKING of revues, it is alleged that several popular writers thereof are thinking of settling in the States. For instance:

A whimper is abroad that he
Who frequently made us
applaud,
Has left these shores to cross the sea—
(A. Wimperis abroad!)

. . . . .

WAS Shakespeare suffering from rheumatism when he wrote, "Alas, poor Uric!"

. . . . .

THE big Stadium must be challenged by his pig-Stydium.

. . . . .

MR. KIPLING has been presented with a set of parodies of his own works by an admirer. We wonder whether it included, "Oh Rudyard than the Cherry."

. . . . .

TABLOIDS

A lady, who lives down in Middx,
Says she knows all concerning the riddx
But this daughter of Eve
I can hardly believe,
As she's one of that queer taradiddx!

. . . . .

Young Albert, who went up to Oriel,
Found the Dons there a trifle censorial,
For they said with a frown,
"You had better go down"
(And so you've this Albert memorial!)

. . . . .

Why should sweets be at four-
pence an oz?
Is it merely the shopkeepers'
boz?
I certainly wis
An opinion on this,
The Government ought to
pronoz!

. . . . .

A flapper at school down in
Sussex,
Has driven her teacher to
cussex:
She can add a + b,
But she cannot quite see
Why Y equals W plusex!

. . . . .

THE police state that certain parts of Hyde Park are still unsafe for pedestrians.

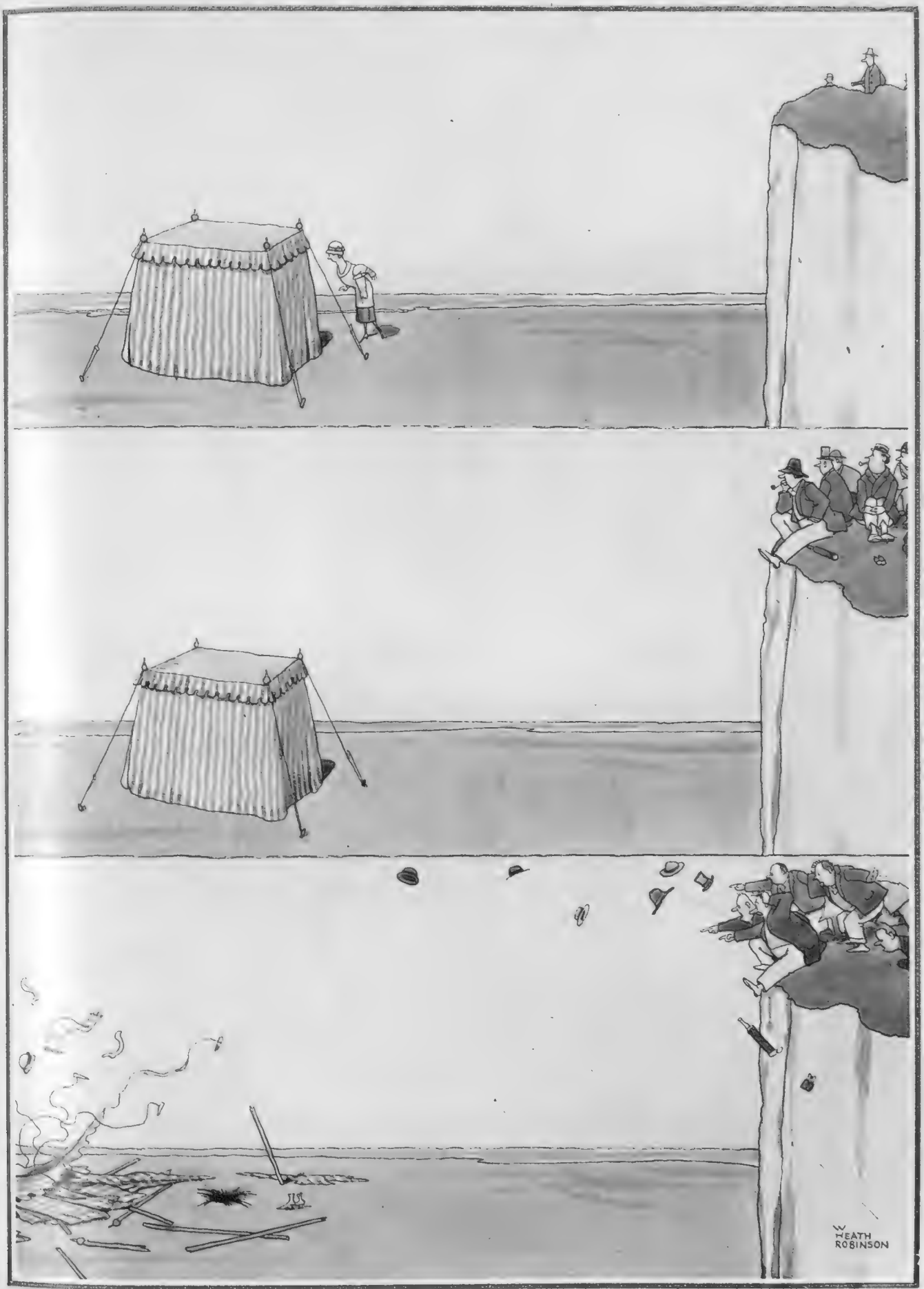
Sunset and evening star,
And after that the dark;
And may there be no trouble
with the Bar
When I have crost the Park!

. . . . .

THE recent winners of a Beauty competition are said to have looked "extremely pathetic." But they weren't nearly such pathetic sights as the judges!

HARTLEY CARRICK

The Prude's Fall

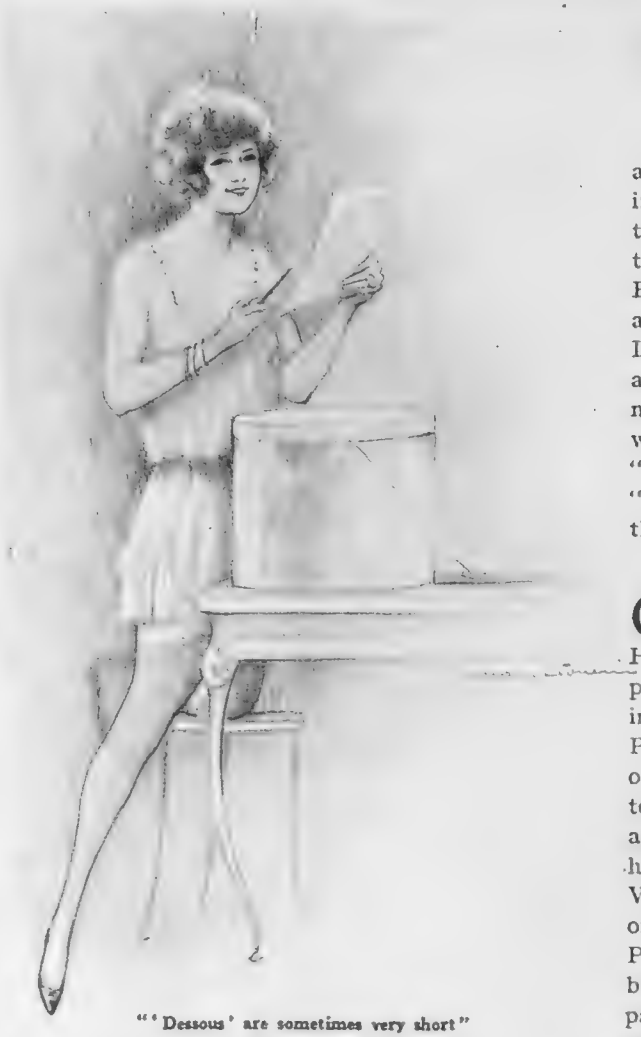


BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

A terrible tale of British fastidiousness and some horrid quicksands

PARISIANA. By "René"

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN



"'Dessous' are sometimes very short"

MES AMIS—

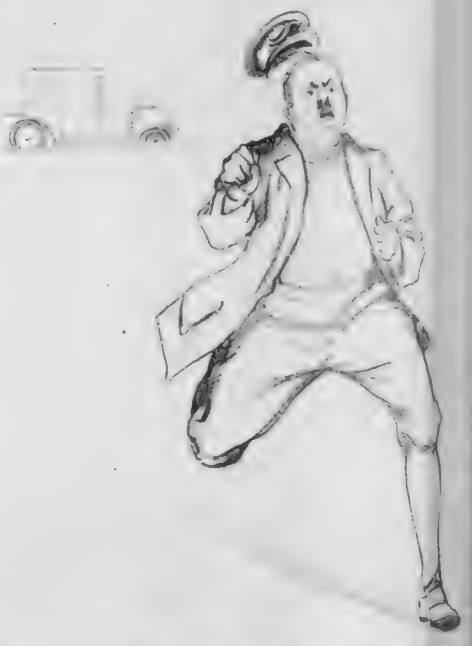
THERE is one thing I particularly admire about Americans. I don't mean it is the only one, but outstanding among the various causes for admiration. When they like you very much, they always seek to establish a definite proof of attachment by clinging most determinedly to something which will permanently remind them of you. They have a most touching faith in souvenirs, and they are prepared to challenge all sorts of consequences in order not to lose the touch.

THUS, one was not a wee bit surprised to learn, after the American lawyers had been entertained to lunch at the Presidential Palace of the Elysée, that the number of Sèvres coffee-cups, and their accompanying chased gold spoons, when counted at the end of the banquet, was a long way from coinciding with the number that had been sent out from the State pantry. Could President Doumergue have a more striking demonstration of attachment? There are, of course, narrow-minded and prejudiced persons who might look askance at a display of affection in this form, but it would take a few thousand askances to dull the shine on a gold Elysée spoon or the enamel of a Sèvres cup. Besides, President Doumergue did not indulge in any provincial askancing when notified that much of his tableware was crossing the Atlantic. "*Ca ne fait rien*," he said. "They'll send us a lot more of their friends now."

ONE cannot help but like President Doumergue. He has a smile that has probably only one superior in the world, that of the Prince of Wales. The smile of the President promises to do as much for France as the smile of the Prince has accomplished for Britain. Very married men may tell one another that both the Prince and the President are bachelors, but for my own part I would not care to say that this had anything to do with the contentment of the smile.

WE have another new President who is making himself very conspicuous—the President of the Chamber of Deputies, M. Painlevé. But though he has a smile which is very emphatic, it is not for that that he has become noteworthy, but for the eccentricity of his absent-mindedness. While presiding over an important ceremony in full evening dress, it was discovered that he had forgotten to put on a tie. When trying to get silence in a stormy debate he banged his ruler on what he believed to be the ledge in front of his chair, but it was the head of the speaker in the tribune. As he got out of a taxi-cab, the driver asked if he wished to keep him. He replied, "No, no," and walked off. The chauffeur had to run after him to remind him that in that case he would have to pay cash down.

QUAINT folk, Presidents. When a retiring President was showing his successor through the apartments of the Elysée according to tradition, he led him proudly to the bathroom. "It is admirably fitted up," he said, "but, happily, we have not been under the necessity of making use of it. During the whole of the seven years here not one of us has been ill." Of course, that was long ago, before Frenchmen smoked pipes and drank tea for pleasure.



"The chauffeur had to run after him"

THIS year's dog-days' discussion started with the question, "Should the bonds of matrimony be loosened?" It is surprising to find how few of the authorities who have been consulted are in favour of any slackening. This seems to indicate a lot of happy marriages, despite the fashionableness of cynicism. Quite a number of those who have contributed want marriage to be made easier, which would certainly be a terrific reform. One cannot help but admire the dogged courage of those who succeed in getting married in France, having to fight their way to it past an army of objecting officials, armed with rule books. It is strange to find how the old-time iconoclasts have now returned within the fold of convention

"Three women to every man"

Mme. Lucie Delarue Mardrus, whose writings have been exceptionally daring, is now the most stalwart champion of the marriage system. Almost the only advocate on the other side is the author, Leon Frappié, who agrees with the author of the old song, "Three Women to Every Man," out of sympathy for the other two. What is clear from the discussion is that there is no serious call for any change.

THAT may be disappointing for some of the *demoiselles* who are so keen on being able to talk of *mon homme* that they snatch at every opportunity of securing him, willing or unwilling. When it was announced that Alain Gerbault, the lawn tennis player and traveller, was starting for another lonely cruise in his tiny sailing-boat among the islands of the Pacific, he received seven hundred and thirty-five letters from women, who begged him to let them accompany him. One of them wrote, "The other day, to get in training, I went to sea for fourteen hours. Isn't that already a first communion?" "It's no good counting on me for the confirmation," responded Gerbault. But as writing was ineffective, those who lived near enough adopted new tactics and began to call upon him. Gerbault sought safety in flight, and started for America some weeks before he intended to go. He wants to do his sailing alone.

PARISIANS having decided within the last year or two that the sea is "quite nice," sailing has almost the promise of a vogue. Besides Alain Gerbault, the bewitching Marthe Régnier has now taken to the water. But the merry Marthe is at the opposite extreme from Gerbault. What she likes is a crowd. She has obtained possession of one of the Seine steamboats, which are rather dinky little vessels when clean, and had it all ripolined in green and white. That done, she turned it into a floating hatshop, being a talented milliner as well as a gifted actress. As the people who buy expensive hats had left Paris, she pursued them down the Seine to Deauville, and, by now, should have sold out most of her stock. Knowing her Deauville well, she had a cocktail and *porto* bar installed aboard. She is very proud of her *bateau*, especially when she can say, "Le capitaine? C'est moi."

"And started for America some weeks before he intended to go"

WHATEVER the consequences of the alleged "film-scandal" at Versailles, it has drawn the attention of Paris to the talents of Mlle. Diana. Before she was inculpated, there were not many people in the capital who could have told you anything about Mlle. Diana, but since then she has had a lot of things to say for herself, and as she says them very well, Paris has come to the conclusion that this young actress is going to count in the future. When a Deputy risked a few stinging comments on the Versailles incident in the Chamber, Mlle. Diana retorted with an open letter that has compelled everyone's admiration. "Monsieur le Deputé, I implore you, do not speak of Modesty. She is more often offended in your music-hall than in ours. And if *nos dessous* are sometimes very short we have never to blush over them. Whereas your mistress, Dame Politics, who often shows herself in singular costume, cannot say as much." There was much more than this, but that is enough to prove the qualities of the newly-discovered Diana. No wonder her salary is leaping up.

RENÉ

Photograph *Nic Aluf*

A LITTLE CALF LOVE

Four of the troupe of Midnight Follies which was organised by the Thomson Twins of the Club Daunou—now the Four Hundred—to do the round of European capitals. The above photograph was taken when the company were playing in Zurich

The British Portrayer of a Great French Heroine

Specially drawn for The Bystander *by Howard Smith*

MISS SYBIL THORNDIKE

Whose acting as the Maid in Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Saint Joan" has been the big hit of the year at the New Theatre

The Rat

at The Prince of Wales'

Produced June 9, 1924

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

THE Rat is the pseudonym of an Apache of the usual kind, with, however, one redeeming feature. I take it that he derives his nickname from the fact that when pursued by an unsympathetic policeman he makes for the nearest sewer and travels home by underground as it were. Crime is at once his business and his hobby. He makes no fuss at all about stealing a watch from the pocket of no less a person than Detective-Inspector Caillard; and I have always been told that to steal anything from a policeman represents the high-water-mark of genius among the light-fingered fraternity. His redeeming feature is that though he has many sweethearts in the ranks of unspeakable ladies—indeed, one or two of them claim noisily to be the Rat's only true love—he has never taken money from them in the manner of the vulgar *souteneur*. When he wants money he just goes out and steals something valuable, and then spends his gains freely, thus proving himself to be somewhat of an aristocrat in his profession.

ISABEL JEANS AS ZELIE

HOWEVER riotously he may conduct himself with other ladies, however, there is one who is to him a sacred charge. She is a young girl named Odile, and she keeps house for him. The Rat has known and respected Odile since she was quite a child, and in spite of her association with him she has remained as pure as the heather, the bonnie purrple heatherrrr. Which, as we all know, is to-day the accepted standard of maiden innocence. Even the girls of the pavement with whom the Rat associates may speak lightly of Odile only at their peril; and it is generally agreed that any misguided man who tried to lead Odile down the wrong turning would be promptly knifed at the Rat's very earliest convenience.

THE Rat's favourite resort is a kind of underground café or night-club, in the by-ways of Montmartre, known by the cheerful name of "The White Coffin." It is here that Odile comes to look for him one evening, as he has not been home for a fortnight, and that seems to her to be making a pretty long week-end of it. In her pure and innocent way, Odile takes a chair in a corner of this den of infamy, and while she is waiting for news of the Rat she calmly goes on with the knitting job she has in hand. Then a horrid man of the name of Herman Stetz comes into the café. He is evidently not of the underworld, and we learn presently that he is arranging with Detective-Inspector Caillard for a safe-conduct for a party of ladies and gentlemen who, with a nicely morbid taste, are longing to get a glimpse of sordid vice at close quarters.

MR. STETZ is surprised to see so pure and innocent a girl in such a place, and being that kind of man, he starts a chaffing conversation with Odile, as you never know your luck. Odile, however, very properly repels his unwelcome overtures. Nothing daunted, Mr. Stetz then tries to snatch a kiss, and while he is struggling with the girl the Rat suddenly appears from nowhere, or somewhere thereabouts, and commences to throttle Mr. Stetz with the adroitness of an expert. Having pretty well squeezed the life out of his

IVOR NOVELLO AS THE RAT

victim, the Rat tells him to get his breath back and go, and Stetz beats a hasty retreat, muttering to himself. We cannot hear what he says, but, as he is the villain of the piece, he is

probably observing that a time will come, ha, ha!

THEN the morbid sightseers arrive, and one of the fine ladies, Zelie de Chaumet, is at once fascinated by the lovely and brutal Rat. It is practically another Sheikh outbreak translated into French. After a while, the Rat begins to abandon his churlish attitude, and talks to Zelie condescendingly as if he were prepared to recognise her as a social equal. As it happens, the magnificent Zelie is living under the protection of no less a gentleman than Mr. Stetz himself, who for his part is momentarily absorbed in the charms of the pure and innocent Odile. The café having been closed for the night, the Rat goes home dreaming of the lovely Zelie; and when a day or two later he receives a note from her asking him to call round and see her, he cannot resist the temptation involved. As it happens, the note is a forgery. It was written by the sinful Stetz himself, with the connivance of Detective-Inspector Caillard, in the hope that the Rat would accept the invitation and thus leave the pure and innocent Odile alone and unprotected in the world. It will be observed that the plot begins to thicken.

THE thickness is very noticeable in the next scene, which is that of the superb Zelie's flat. The moment the Rat appears in answer to what he believed to be her invitation, Mr. Stetz and Caillard slip away, leaving the two alone. Zelie is all throbs and gasps. She takes no pains to disguise the fact that she wants the Rat, and wants him badly. Her feverish proposal is that she shall hastily collect what money she can secure, and take the Rat with her at her expense to the Sunny South, where she may sing beside him in the wilderness and all that kind of thing. Unwittingly, however, Zelie finds she has wounded the Rat at his vulnerable point. He could not live at the expense of the woman who loved him. It would be contrary to the ethics of his very exclusive set. So he leaves Zelie to her tears and returns home.

MEANWHILE, the sinful Stetz makes a bee-line for the pure and innocent Odile. This time things look very awkward for her. She commands Mr. Stetz to leave the premises at once, but her only answer is the mocking laugh without which no villain is complete. Mr. Stetz blandly informs Odile that her friend, the Rat, is otherwise engaged elsewhere, and cannot defend her. He takes the struggling girl in his arms, while she calls for help, and at the same moment the Rat darts into the room with a hop, skip and a jump, and knifes Mr. Stetz fatally in the spine.

THEN footsteps are heard on the stairs outside. Odile points out to the Rat that he can escape through the open window and over the tiles, and thus establish an alibi; and as soon as he has gone she smears her hands with the blood of the victim, and then opens the door in answer to a peremptory knock. The visitors turn out to be Detective-Inspector Caillard and some business-like policemen, though just how they happened to be on the spot at the moment is a matter of conjecture. Odile calmly explains that Mr. Stetz, having come there and annoyed her with undesired attentions, she had no alternative but to kill him off-hand, and she will now put on her hat and go with the police quietly. By this time the Rat, having made a circuitous tour of the neighbouring roofs, comes sauntering in and wants to know

who is the drunken gentleman who is sleeping it off on the floor in that impolite way. It is pointed out briefly to him that the gentleman is not drunk, but dead, having been done in by the pure and innocent Odile. The Rat at once exonerates the girl and insists that it was he alone that did the killing; but the detective knows better. He saw the Rat in Zelie's apartment, and knows perfectly well that that is where he has been until now. Odile, of course, is too pure and innocent a girl to be punished for a crime that she did not commit, and as Shakespeare says in his pithy way, all's well that ends well. Mr. Ivor Novello is, naturally, most attractive as the Rat. But it is the acting of Miss Isabel Jeans that makes the play worth while.

JINGLE

A Dancing Duet

An impression of Jack Buchanan and June suffering from a strong attack of the Dancing virus in "Toni," the musical play which has "caught on" tremendously at the Shaftesbury Theatre

Four Bright Young People

Photographs

MISS CYNTHIA GRAHAM

Second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alastair Graham of Edinburgh. Her marriage to Mr. J. F. Menzies of Kames takes place at St. Mary's Cathedral, Edinburgh, on September 15th

MISS SYLVIA SPIERS

Daughter of the late Mr. James Spiers and Mrs. James Spiers of Hampstead. Her sister, Marjorie Spiers, is the well-known revue actress, whose engagement was recently announced

of the Rising Generation

MISS KATHLEEN ADAM SMITH

Second daughter of Sir George Adam Smith, Principal of Aberdeen University, and Lady Adam Smith. Her engagement to Professor George Paget Thomson was recently announced

Hay Wrightson

MISS LILIAN BLOMEFIELD

Elder daughter of the Rev. H. A. G. Blomefield of Sherington, Newport Pagnell, in Buckinghamshire. She is related to Sir Thomas Wilmot Blomefield, Bart

Wanted—A Pilot

BY NORMAN KEENE

A LITTLE DISPLAY OF CRAFT

The BISHOP'S MOVE

By H. H. Bashford

THE Bishop glanced at the plan of the tables, printed on the back of the music-programme, but the name Sir George Kingslett conveyed nothing to his memory, and his duties as chairman again claimed his attention. Then the dinner came to an end—it is one of the advantages of the Chalkshire Society dinners that they end punctually at ten—and as the guests began to disperse, the stranger sauntered towards the Bishop, and with a half smile held out his hand.

"You won't remember me," he said, "but my name's Kingslett. We were in the same house together at Rugby."

"Then that's what's been worrying me," the Bishop said. "I thought I knew your face. But I couldn't, for the life of me, remember where I'd met you."

Kingslett smiled.

"Well, thirty odd years," he said, "are apt to alter the best of us. You must allow me to congratulate you, if not upon Chalkbury, at any rate on being chairman of this dinner."

The Bishop laughed, glancing about him.

"I'm afraid I suspect you," he said, "of not being a true Chalkshireman."

"Only by purchase," said Sir George. "I've just bought Raynton. Which way are you going? Can I give you a lift?"

The Bishop looked at his watch.

"I've left my bag at the Athenæum," he said, "and to tell you the truth, I'd rather like to walk."

"Then we'll walk together," said Sir George. "I'm up at my flat."

"Pleasant dinner," said Kingslett, as they got out into the street, and then, as men will, uncertain of each other's present point of view, they promptly fell back upon schoolboy reminiscences and the fortunes and failures of their then contemporaries. It was a fruitful topic, for though, as the Bishop discovered, he had been Kingslett's senior by three and a half years, they had had many common friends, of whose subsequent history the Bishop's colonial life had kept him ignorant. As for Kingslett himself, he had gone straight from school into a well-known firm of chartered accountants, subsequently to break free as the secretary of a commercial company, and finally to become the chairman of a great many more. At the corner of Waterloo Place they were still so busy talking that when Kingslett invited the Bishop into his flat the latter accepted without hesitation, "just for a final cigar," as Kingslett put it, "before turning in."

"By the way," said Kingslett, when they had taken their seats before the luxurious fire, "do you remember Larry Goring, the son of Charles Goring, the actor?"

The Bishop lit his cigar.

"Little Larry?" he said. "Why, of course I do; he was my fag for a term—a quaint little skeleton with a face like a hawk and deep-set eyes and long black hair."

Kingslett nodded.

"Yes, that was Larry," he said, "rather an outsider most people thought him. That is—he has always seemed rather a stranger to the—er—the lines upon which most people run their lives."

"Then you've kept up with him?"

Kingslett smiled a little.

"No, that is exactly," he said, "what I haven't done."

The Bishop glanced at him rather uncomfortably.

"But you've, at any rate, seen him," he said. "You have some knowledge of him."

"Yes, I met him last month," said Kingslett, "at Rensham, on the east coast. He was playing the piano for a couple of pierrots." He leaned back in his chair and blew a smoke ring towards the ceiling.

"I learned a lot about him," he said. "It was rather a dramatic story, though some of it I knew before, of course. Do you remember Steinfeld?"

"Yes, I think so," said the Bishop. "Wasn't he a Jew?"

"Naturalised German," said Kingslett, "at least his family was—changed his name during the War. But everybody called him Jewy, except young Larry. Larry rather took him up, you know. He was always for the underdog."

Kingslett smoked for a moment or two in silence.

"So was Helen Carbery," he said, "the girl they fell in love with."

He looked at the Bishop.

"Did you know old Carbery—doctor in the town with a large family?"

The Bishop shook his head.

"Helen was his eldest daughter. Larry had made friends with him and used to take Jewy there to tea. When they went up to Cambridge they spent part of their vacs. there—until the row came and he was sent down.

"It was an absurd story," Kingslett went on. 'He got drunk one night and lost control of himself. It was the only time in his life, I suppose, that it had ever happened, and a woman of the town found him and got hold of him. He had just become engaged to Helen Carbery, but next morning, in accordance with his views, he thought it his duty to go and propose marriage to the woman. She nearly fell off her chair, but she took him on the wing. She knew who he was, you see—son of a famous actor earning a fabulous sum every week. But what they neither of them knew was that he hadn't saved a cent., and that he was going to die in a couple of months. That left Larry half-way to a degree, sent down from the University, with exactly a hundred pounds, and married to a woman ten years his senior, who drank like a fish and swore that he had deceived her. They drifted to London, where Larry got a sort of clerkship, and they found a couple of rooms somewhere in Balham, and for the next three or four years Larry must have lived in hell, with his wife out of her senses half the time.

"Then he ran against Steinfeld again. Jewy was in the city spending a pretty substantial salary, but spending it wisely, mind you, in meeting the right sort of people and generally learning his way about. Larry was in a lodging-house then near the Elephant and Castle, but still keeping as fit as he possibly could, sprinting round Clapham Common in the winter evenings and

getting some free boxing at a church mission club. His wife had left him, but he was keeping in touch with her, and giving her everything he could spare, and there were occasional interludes, so he told Jewy, when they would take a couple of rooms and try to live together again. Larry was quite frank about it, and asked after Helen—they had had one interview just before his marriage—but Jewy didn't tell him that Helen had turned him down twice, though he did what he could to give Larry a good time. Jewy was a bit of an athlete himself, and they used to go swimming together in some private baths, and once or twice, though it was rather out of his beat, Jewy went and boxed down at the mission club.

"Being a wise young man, Jewy having netted twenty thousand in theatrical ventures, disposed of his interests, turned his back on the theatre for ever, and the following year succeeded in persuading Helen Carbery to become Mrs. Steinfeld."

Kingslett paused and glanced at the Bishop.

"Helen," he said, "didn't really love him—she was perfectly candid about it—but Larry was off the slate and her father was dead, and she was one of a large family, and provincial doctors don't leave fortunes. Whether she still loved Larry, and if so how much, Jewy didn't trouble to inquire. He wanted Helen, and she was willing, and that was the end of it, as far as he was concerned.

"In any case they didn't see Larry for another six years—it was the year of the rubber boom, in which Jewy trebled his savings—and they met him on the Embankment in sailor's rig, the colour of a coffee berry, and as hard as steel. He was on his way to Tilbury and was sailing that night, or he would have come to dinner with them in Bryanston Square. But in the ten minutes that they both had to spare, Jewy learned a little of what he had been doing. His wife had died three years before, apparently, and he had immediately worked his way out to Canada, where he had served on a threshing-gang somewhere near Winnipeg, and then in a lumber camp at the foot of the Rockies. The little money he had made there he had bestowed on a friend, who had lamed himself with an axe and wanted to start a store, and then he had done odd jobs down the Pacific Coast and led some sort of a strike somewhere and been put in quod.

"Larry asked after the family and bade them farewell; and, just as he was going, offered to sprint Jewy to the Temple—they were then both about thirty-three. But Jewy wasn't having any, his career had entailed too many dinners, though his health was sound enough for all average purposes.

"I suppose when you come to consider it," Kingslett went on musingly, "that was the real difference between them. Jewy's purposes were average and Larry's weren't. Larry was always in training for something beyond the horizon, for some great moment that might never come. But it did—or, at any rate, as between the two of them. It came last month, and I happened to see it. Each of them was then forty-six, and they hadn't met since the time I've just told you about. Then Helen spotted him on the front at Rentham, strumming accompaniments for those two pierrots. I was with her. She and Jewy were staying at the Grand with their only child, a nine-year-old boy.

"Altogether it was quite an amusing evening, and next day they introduced him to the boy, who took to him as instantly and completely as a spring flower to the sun. Then the weather broke up, the two pierrots obtained an engagement with a travelling musical comedy, and Larry, with his suit-case and seven pounds ten, was in the happy position of having the world to choose from. A farewell dinner was arranged by Jewy, and late in the afternoon of Larry's last day at Rentham, Helen and Jewy and Larry and the boy went out for a bit to explore old Reedmouth. They poked about for awhile—Reedmouth and Rentham, you know, are almost continuous, with the Rent running between them—and just as it was getting dusk they came back over the bridge and went out to the Rentham end of the breakwater.

"They had got about half-way down, or, perhaps, a little more, when Helen suddenly sensed something, and stopped short; and the next moment they saw David—that was the boy—rolling over and over in the mouth of the river, with Jewy, who had been with him when he slipped, staring down at him like a statue. It's a devilish strong stream, too, and the tide had just turned, so that river and sea were racing together, with the boy, who could just swim, but only a few strokes, making a matter of yards at every breath.

"Larry shouted to Helen to try and get a boat somewhere, and in less than ten seconds was at the end of the breakwater, leaving his coat behind him, and kicking off his boots just as Jewy went over the side. For Jewy wasn't a physical coward—at least, I don't thing so—and he worshipped David to the other side of idolatry; but the things he had had to decide in his life weren't matters of half-seconds, and he wasn't used to sacrificing himself if it could possibly be avoided."

Kingslett sipped his whisky.

"That was why the boy," he said, "was already well out to sea."

He resumed his cigar.

"Well, as between the two of them, that was the supreme moment, and Jewy wasn't ready for it. For this wasn't a matter of money, it was a question of life—of the new generation, if you like, as far as they were concerned—and it was the man who had lived before the mast, who could rope a steer, and foot it all day on a crust of bread, the man who had lived all his life on nodding terms with death, who took charge of the moment and made it his own. For he had left Jewy behind him in a couple of strokes, though Jewy in his day hadn't been a bad swimmer, and in five or six minutes he was alongside the boy and trying to work his way out of the current. Then he found he couldn't do that with David on his hands, half full of water and barely conscious; and by the time the boat found them they were nearly a mile out, with Larry pretty tired but still going strong.

"The boat had passed Jewy on the way out, but he had had the decency to tell them not to stop for him, and on the way back they pulled him on board in rather worse shape than David. David was pretty fit, in fact. Larry had emptied the water out of him, and the longshoremen had given him a nip of rum. But Jewy was done to the world, and he was still unconscious when they carried him up the steps of the old quay at Reedmouth.

"That was where he was lying when Helen got her boy back, just under the lamp, with some fishermen standing round, but not so unconscious as to miss seeing Helen's eyes as they looked for a moment into Larry's. For though she was loyal enough, the boy ought to have been Larry's, you see, and now in a sense he always would be; and all that there was of her, and all that there ever had been, she simply gave him then, because she couldn't help it. He couldn't help it, either. They were down upon bed-rock. For those three or four seconds their eyes simply drank each other. And Jewy—well, up to the present that's as far as the story goes."

Kingslett finished his whisky, and the Bishop, leaning forward, dropped his cigar end into the fire. Then he said gently:

"There's a detail you haven't told me. What did Steinfeld change his name to?"

Sir George stretched himself a little wearily.

"Kingslett!" he said. "What ought I to do?"

H. H. Bashford

With the Crowhurst Otter Hounds at Sheffield Park

AN INTERVAL FOR A SMOKE

Some followers of the Crowhurst, including Mrs. Varndell, Mrs. Nessing, Miss Comber and Mrs. Mitchell

IN A SUSSEX LANE

Mr. Clegg (left), Mr. Helmes, Mr. and Mrs. Cowley Brown

Photographs *Alfieri*

A REST FOR MAN AND BEAST

Mr. S. W. Varndell (the Master), Captain Phillips, Mr. Bladon and Mr. W. E. May, with some of the hounds at a recent meet of the Crowhurst Otter Hounds at Sheffield Park

BY INDEN BURNS

THE ENTERTAINERS

YOGO HAMA STILL RUSTICATING

"The toiling 1,000,000's debark at Waterloo"

MOST DEAR HON. SIR,

BY the time these 4 or 500 lines have reach you, I are still in the provincials making to observe very studiously Anglo bucolics and other rural growths. Also I consider to myself with smirkish glee of the 1,000's of non or only semi-social persons who cannot any longer continue by the sea or other sides, but must hasteishly return to their toils in order to adequately sustain wives, families and suchly civilized burdens. On the opposite hand, very to the contrary, the Earls, Dukes and other extremely upper 10's who are not born to toils or spin, but have married to rich wives and families (if any) who do not require sustaining, they do not necessitate to return to London, but may continue luxuriously at Cannes, Bognor, Margate and other fashionable deposits till it snows or performs other climatic changes.

Are it not a very saddish spectacular to observe the arrival at metropolitan or other termini of the ex-holiday hordes, masc, femn and juvenine *en masse* and in lumps? Browned by the so burning Anglo sun rays, or purchaseable fluids for producing these tropical effects, corruscated all over with blisters on their noses and suchly holiday pimples, the toiling 1,000,000's debark at Waterloo and Liverpool Street full to the chock with ozones and other provincial airs. Yet notwithstandingly these goodish blessings, they do not purvey very heavenly tempers, but with sourish words and slaps address their innocent infantiles who have, perhapsly, suffered severeish nauseas in transit.

Yetly how pleasant to impicture this spectacular, I bemuse, when numerous 100's of miles from Waterloo or Liverpool Street. I find myself depicting these lines in a sweetish bucolic cottage with roses, potatoes, greens and other delicious vegetable growths at my feet. Also the harmonic noises and other sounds of pigs, fowls, cows and suchly agricultural inhabitants singing to my ears notes of peace and plentiful good eatings. Indeedly, I cannot resist to have a rural afflatus which kindly to excuse me as vizly:

"Lived only for toils and virtues"

How sweet to hear the barn and other roosters' cackles,
Here in rural climes and far from labour's shackles,
To see the roses, turnips, hay and suchly flowering roots,
To eat new eggs, cream and other rural fruits.

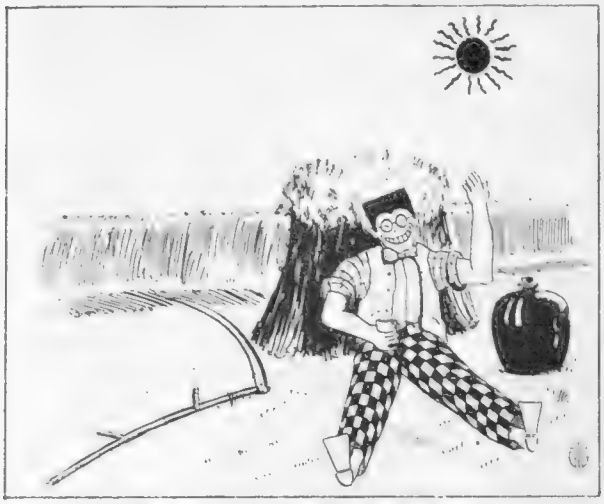
"But do you not experience bore and other *ennuis*, Mr. Y. Hama, in these so rustical environings?" you repart? O no in the least, Hon. Sir, because there are good sportings to indulge, also rural and other barbaric customs to study for future depictions. For instants, I make purchase tackles to angle for rod, pole or perch in the river which I are inform is very luxurious with fish. Having read studiously the Hon. Sir Isaac Walton, he has filled me with ambitions to land and slay numerous of these watery denizens. Armed with the requisite weapons, snares and other emblems of the chaste, I preamble to aforesaidly river for considerable slaughter. I stick upon my hook a very nimble and gastronomic worm, which I then dangle seductively in the water and wait for the consequences. They do not arrive with ultra velocity like I have hope, so presently I re-emerge my snare. Perhapsly I do not yetly possess great angling skills for the worm suddenly adheres himself, complete with hook, to a very non-polite area of my unmentionable garments. I in time succeed to remove him from his prey and again endangle him in the depths to obtain a very stupendous bite. This must indeedly be a very terrific rod, pole or perch, I hollow, because of the great resistance he opposes to my efforts. I shall have him embalmed in a stuffed glass cage as a trophy to make other angling persons very wrath and mad when they see him. Then I make a muscular pull and deliver to myself a very obsolete and damnish boot.

"A very obsolete and damnish boot"

For goodish sportings, I muchly prefer to make harvest with the corns. Hon. proprietor of saidly corns provide me a biggish cutting knife, also 3 or 5 smallish tubs of cider, a very delicious

apple fluid. I cut some corns and are then overtook by a very A.1 thirst. I squench same, cut ½ or a doz. more corns and again experience a delicious thirst. 1-ce more I relieve same, decapitate 17 or 20 more of corns, and are reward with another estimable thirst. I do not entirely know how numerous corns I sheared, but I was very overcome with happy feelings, so that I consider to myself should not it be a goodish idea to become a corn producing person, which strikes me to be a very idealish profession.

The provincials, I have note, produce persons of very pure and non-carnal lives, which make 1 to blush for the so wicked and non-theological lives of persons in London, Paris and other unheavenly cities. A very ancient person who digs holes for internments, took me to show the monument stones which depict the saintish and holy lives of defunct provincials. I observe that not any of the persons who have been deposit here, had committed sins or suffered other carnal pleasures, but lived only for toils and virtues which now have killed them else they should not be here. How far better it are, I bemoan, to labour at virtuous toils and become a very worshipful ancestor, than to plunge in non-ecclesiastical sins as dining at the Troc, or dancing in Piccadilly Circus at a.m., then to be mulct 10/- and a caution. Nevertheless, I do not altogether think I should greatly love to become a virtuous bucolic and be dug under a stone for a good example.



"Very overcome with happy feelings"

"A stupendously aged bucolic"

But mostly of all I dote to make visit the village refreshments emporium which in English means The Blue Pig and Bottle. There I meet a stupendously aged bucolic who has seen 100's of years and is very historical. This so ancient person inform how he succeeded to win the Battle of Waterloo in A.D., but did not achieve good or just rewardings because Hon. Sir Lord Wellington was very jealous of him and stole from him his good credits and became a Duke. I listen to hear this very saddish story 2-ce every night and promise I shall write to the newsprints, so that all reading persons shall know that Hon. Sir Wellington did not defeat Waterloo, but very to the contrary because it was done by a rustic ancient. Now I have achieved my promise, so perhapsly Hon. Labour politicals will produce this so aged warrior a good pensioning and put him in Trafalgar Square on a pedestal, so all who go by may worship.

Hoping, Hon. Sir, these lines shall find you suffering intollerable good healths, I remain

Yogo Hama

Photograph *Photo Press*

A BALLET OF EGYPT IN A SYLVAN SETTING

A charming photographic study from Canada, showing Miss Jeanne Cooke (left) and Miss Lorraine O'Donoghue of the Russian School of Dancing, Toronto, rehearsing for a performance at Sunnyside Beach—the Coney Island of Canada

A "Kid" Glove Affair

BY STAN TERRY

SECOND (*as gong goes for 11th round*) : "Now, don't forget, let the other bloke do all the fightin' and kid 'im as 'ow you're groggy"

THE other day, a friend of mine, whom we will term Smith, for the very good reason that that is his name, was walking, as far as I remember, down the street. Or it may have been up the street, or even across it. The name of the street was, let us say, the Main Street. Yes, let us say that—*Main Street*—when he ran into a friend, or rather met a friend who shall be referred to as Brown, in order to hide his real name, which is White.

"Hullo, Smith," said White, to whom as you know we are referring as Brown to avoid disclosing his identity, "how are you?" Brown (White) had not the slightest desire to know in what state of health Smith really was. It was merely a polite, if insincere form of greeting common to people like ourselves who have nothing better to say when we meet.

"Oh, not so bad," replied Smith, with a cheery smile, and passed on.

Brown turned the corner and met Johnson.

They paused a moment to exchange those informative passages such as "Not so warm to-day"—"No, a little colder," and Brown told Johnson that he had just met Smith.

"Oh, really, how is old Smith?"

"Well, he's better, I think."

"Better? Didn't know he was unwell."

"Well, all I know is he told me he wasn't so bad."

Johnson said, "Ah!" and Brown said "Um" and with a farewell nod full of meaningless meaning they parted.

Johnson crossed the road, and was about to enter the tobacconist's when he felt a tap on the shoulder. It was Littleworth.

"Hullo, Littleworth," said Johnson, "how are you?"

Littleworth assured him that he had seldom felt so robust.

"You're better off than old Smith then."

"Why, what's wrong with Smith?"

Johnson rubbed his chin.

"I don't quite know," he said, slowly. "He's evidently been pretty unwell. But Brown tells me he's mending now. He was seen out this morning."

"Oh, he's about then," said Littleworth, quickly. There was a trace of anxiety in his voice.

"Yes, he's out. I only hope it's nothing."

"Let's hope so," said Littleworth, and with a wave he passed on.

In the bar of the "Seagull and Glow-worm," Littleworth found himself leaning beside Pickering. Pickering was of the opinion that it was getting colder. The barometer was falling, or else it was rising; anyway he mentioned that it was doing something or other.

"Seen anything of old Smith lately," he asked, finally.

Littleworth shook his head and bit his lip.

"I'm afraid, from what Johnson tells me, he's had a pretty rough time."

"You don't say so."

"'Tis a fact. Apparently he's out to-day for the first time. He's recovering, luckily, and that's about all one can say."

Pickering's face grew long. He wrung his hands—both of them. Mechanically he picked up the change of the man on his left and walked slowly out.

"Hullo, Smith, how are you?"

At the door he was hailed by Harrison.

"Hallo, Pick! What's up. You look pretty mouldy!"

"It's Smith!"

"What is?"

"Smith is!"

"Smith is what!"

"That's just what nobody quite seems to know."

"You don't mean he's ill?"

Pickering hung his head to the level of his third waistcoat button.

"Seriously?"

Pickering shrugged his shoulders, let his head fall another button, and walked away.

The news about Smith decided Harrison not to go to the Public Bar, but to seek the solace of the Saloon, where Miss Nibbit's smiling and expansive face, surmounted by an overload of hair done like sausage rolls, was always ready to sympathise with anything and anybody.

"Oh I sy!" she said, in a voice that would start a cross-country race. "An' 'im so *young*, too. An' nobody don't know what's the matter with 'im? Well, it's always the young an' 'andsome as suffers. Now look at you, you've never 'ad a day's illness in yer life, 'ave yer?"

Harrison finished up his drink and departed, but the news about Smith was imported to Gregory by the effervescent Miss Nibbit. Gregory's face went pale, but not so pale as that of Martin, whom he met in the market-place.

From Martin it went to Jackson and from Jackson to Scott and on to Fortescue.

. . . . .

About five-thirty that evening Smith was sitting cosily in front of the fire, when there was a sepulchral knock on the door. Smith put down his book and went to see who it was. Before him stood a lugubrious individual with rabbit teeth, a ferrety nose, scraggy hair and receding chin, and the remnants of a once ginger moustache.

"I've come," he said in an apologetic and hesitating voice, "at the instigation of Mr. Fortescue. He's offered to pay for the whole thing."

"What whole thing?" asked Smith, quite at sea.

"Well, the funeral."

"Funeral? Who's dead?"

"I understand that Mr. Smith passed peacefully away early this morning!"

ROUND THE WORLD WITH THE BYSTANDER AS COURIER

MAKING THE MOST OF THE REST

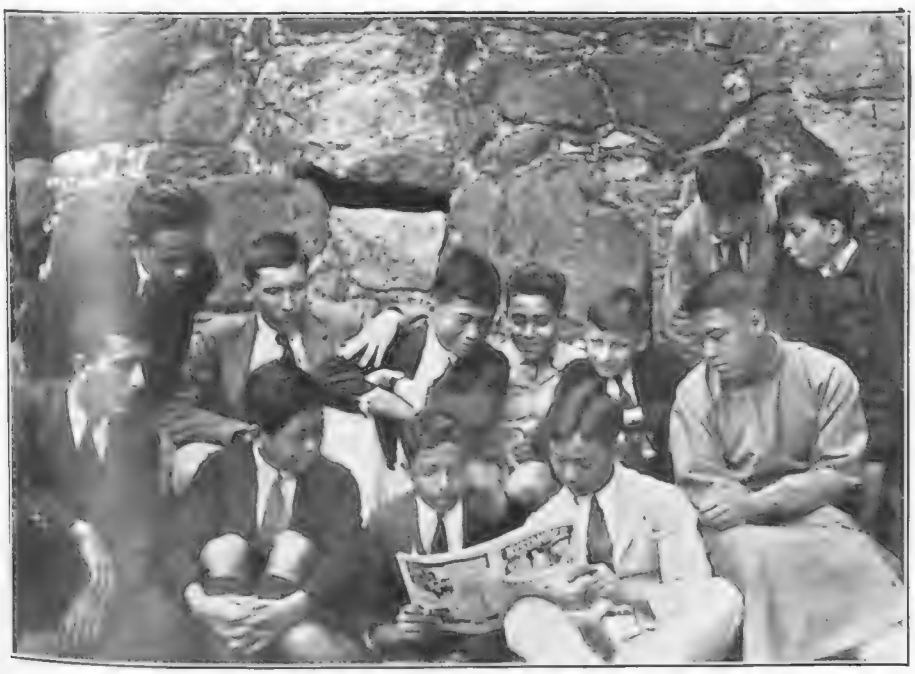
A reader in Central Africa in comforting possession of the best chair and "The Bystander." The gentleman on the left is first in the queue for both as soon as they are relinquished

AN ASSAM "TAXI"

A reader making a comfortable journey to "The Peak," the highest point in Assam, in his "tapa." If the one-man-power chariot breaks down, he will be well armed against boredom during repairs

IN A BLACK STUDY

A "mallam,"—a scribe or teacher—of Kano in Nigeria acquiring a little Western wisdom from the pages of "The Bystander." To judge by the smile, he must be studying the Fashion's Fancies page



A YOUNG LEAGUE OF NATIONS

Twelve admirers of "The Bystander" giving proof of their admiration in the grounds of the Diocesan Boys' School in Hong-Kong. They represent twelve different nationalities, to wit: Peruvian, British, Siamese, Jewish, Portuguese, Korean, Russian, Persian, Japanese, Indian, Annamite and Chinese

"BAGS I"

A native snatches a few moments to study "The Bystander" on his perch of salt bags. The photograph was taken at Haichow in China

THE MORNING AFTER— By Blanchette

ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE

"Flowers put everywhere"

LONDON, *August* 25

DEAR COUSIN—

SOME consolation in all things, or, anyway, most, *n'est-ce-pas?* Even the most seemingly blackest and completely fatal that ever were—utterly devastating at first sight and deadening and giving most furiously to weep. Such as, f'rinstance, the pos'tively agonising and awful crisis your Blanchette has just been facing—and that others, alas! (my heart bleeds for 'em) 'll have to be going through thousands and thousands of times over the next few weeks. That final much-feared, almost-impossible-to-believe-in end of the holidays, to wit. . . .

WELLNIGH incredible, isn't it, that To-morrow should actually be our Last Day? 'Course there *have* been other people that've left from time to time, but that's diff'rent. Must be a week out at least, surely, that old calendar. . . . No? Well, s'pose we've got to make up our minds to it somehow, then, but I'm sure there's a day or two, anyway, we haven't had somewhere. And now we shall never have a chance of seeing the church, either—a lovely cruciform one, or something, that they sighted the Armada from, or words to that effect, and that we were always keeping for a wet day, only there were such lots, one time, that the next seemed always just as good. . . . And then it turned so gloriously fine we quite forgot. An extra dance or two to the hotel gramophone to-night to make up—what?

AND so—having packed till midnight or later, 'cos, of course, 'tisn't worth while wasting any of your *real* holiday on *that*—behold us embarking with forced brightness on that final hour or two that rings the knell (said she solemnly and in the mood of the moment) of our lost delights. Laborious donning of clothes, not towny, of course, but journeyish, and, anyway, much more proper and prisoned than the garb of reckless, wind-blown, sand-sprinkled holiday. Thus causing fearful fish-out-of-water sensation at hotel breakfast, plus loud, triumphant and highly unwelcome expressions of sympathy from others with a week or more still to run. Cur-r-r-rse them!!

HAVING reached which point I only pray, don't you, for as speedy a departure as possible? I mean, all appeals having failed, and the noose being tightly and inevitably twisted round our necks, may as well get the horrid affair over and done with as quickly as poss., what? . . . Tips (that's a whole prob. by itself), and crowds of people to say good-bye to (who *will* keep turning up again and again after you've bade 'em an eternal 'fectionate farewell), and then that blank wait of ten minutes or so for the car to arrive, with all your trunks and things all ready at the door. . . . At last. . . .

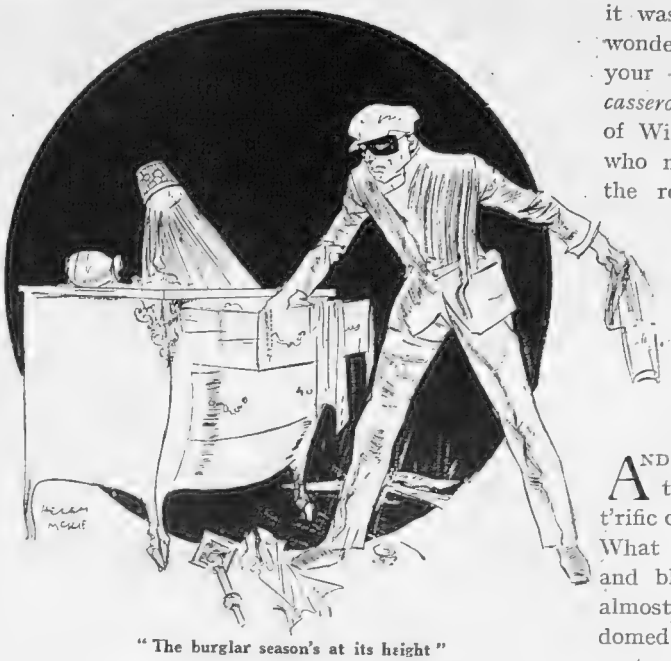
DOORS slammed, final hurried waving done (to the relief of both sides), and then, 'fore we know where we are, we're packed in our comf'ble corner seat and well on the homeward way, with, of course, quite an ache at the heart but a counterbalancing comforting consolation or two likewise to boot. Even journey, f'rinstance, not altogether 'thout attractions. 'Plete irresponsibility, till we reach Paddington at least, and a possibly quite passable lunch to be picked up on the way, what's more.

"Anxiously gazing down the corridor for the bath"

DO simply *adore* having my meals in trains, don't you? Never, never, methinks, have I sampled such succulent soup as when partaken of at one of those funny little tables next the great big window (specially trained by the company not to open more than an inch or two for fear it should let in the smuts). At no period of my career has a beef or mutton *ordinaire* appeared to possess such desirable qualities, nor a simple morsel of cheese from our own Dominions had so exquisite a savour. Come to think of it, I love picnics, and, after all, this is a sort of one, only with a real table and seats, and no heather dropping into your drinks or ants and things getting mixed up with the food. . . . Gradual rise of spirits being thus superinduced, even the drive through grey and crowded streets, 'companied by an envious glance or two from such town passers-by as ever *do* glance anywhere but straight ahead. And then, oh joy, the quite unexpected rapture of the real return . . . home.

ALL your own things in your own rooms, and everything polished to spotlessness and

fresh flowers put everywhere by magic hands. No trunks to live with, or dressing-table glass immovably fixed in *the* most awkward and unbecoming) spot. Free access to own bathroom any moment, 'stead of anxious gazings down corridor and frantic flashings for a locked door—not to mention even queueing up two deep, as *has* happened to me 'fore now, and you don't feel a bit matey that time in the morning, do you? And, oh! the meals, off nice shiny polished wood once more 'stead of that hotel tablecloth that bore too often, alas! traces of our own and the waiter's crimes, and a dainty piece of silver or two *vice* late table decorations 'sisting of one enormous cruet, one c'lossal sugar-sifter, one glass jug of water, one petto vase flowers, a bottle or two of liquids, various, *plus* any oddment like cheese or salad that kind waiter thought might come in useful for us later on—or, anyway, we were a handy spot to dump it down at.



"The burglar season's at its height"

No clatter of alien forks around or buzz of foolish chatter about how wonderfully *they* holed out at the eighteenth—or is it nineteenth (that being the hole, from what I gather, where golfers seem, somehow, to do the best?)—or circumambient sea of (more or less) strange faces in all the marv'lous mingled vacuity and contortions that you seem to see at hotels and nowhere else. No crowded lounge to penetrate after, either, with vain search for seat or hasty p'lite excuses to prepare against the threatened game of Beginners' Slosh or Bumblepuppy Bridge. No. . . . Well, isn't it wonderful, come to think of it, how nobly and bravely we endured and bore with all these holiday trials so long? And even managed almost to kid ourselves we quite liked 'em, what's more.

Yes, must 'fess I've booked my room again already for next year, but heaven only knows why. 'Cos, after all, home and London's so infinitely nicer 'specially when it rains, as 'pears to 've happened just 'casionally these so-called summer months). And going stronger than ever, too, spite of it's still being holiday time, and all that sort of thing (said she, superiorly, having done her bit). In the dancing line 'specially, like at the Café de Paris, f'rinstance, with its understanding Crichton orchestras and its Summer-time frolics, 'cluding Layton and Johnstone, those two clever darkies, who came over with the conquering Elsie Janis, and have been 'musing numerous August audiences with songs about "the meanest girl I know" and other syncopated slogans of a similar *genre*. And the Piccadilly, where they've got a perfectly good new lot of "Revels" on, besides all the dancing to Paul Specht's super-band, in that nice long room with the many-coloured lights. Simply packed it was, the night I was there, and no wonder, if only to watch, while munching your lovely Canteloupe or *poulet en casserole*, the 'slutely *impayable* juggling of Willy Woltard, the funny Frenchman who makes hats follow him all round the room and perch on his head or feed out of his hand, so to speak. Also all sorts of other cabaretty affairs, of course, of the bright and breezy kind, 'cluding Brooke Johns, the coon singer, who 'muses the Prince of Wales 'mensely, they say, so I s'pose he must be good.

And wandered thence—doing my back-to-London thoroughly—to the simply t'rific contrast of Oddy's and *its* new show. What a plunge! From brilliant lights and blaring non-stop band into a dark, almost silent small room, with one great domed and shaded lamp hanging in the centre, and band playing softly in the gallery. Also, sitting round a table unobtrusively in a corner, a party of Russian singers, men and women, who just now and then sing, in the semi-darkness, a part-song or catch. Gwen Farrar does a turn there, too, I b'lieve, with Norah Blaney, but had finished hers when we came in, and was dancing instead. 'Snice show, anyway, and, oh! so restful.

Rather glad to be back, 'mong other things, 'cos they tell me the burglar season's pos'tively at its height or zenith just now, tho', 'f course, it *is* comforting to know they're going to do big things in the way of women police. *And* detectives, 'parently. So you'll never know in future, meseems, whether that fearf'ly smart Reville-gowned woman with the wonderful pearls at the party is really a guest or not.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

"Laborious donning of clothes"

PEOPLE AT PLAY

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS. By "PENDARVES"

We are at Diablèrie-sur-Mer. It is wonderful. We have everything that mortal man could wish for, including a franc which bobs excitingly up and down between 83 and 85 to one of our pounds, and causes us infinite amusement and a certain kindly tolerance.

And then, of course, we have the Casino. The Casino Municipal at Diablèrie-sur-Mer is the *pièce de résistance* of the whole business of our holiday lives. Nothing else really matters. We bathe because we have spent an inordinate amount of time and money upon our bathing-costumes, and it is very pleasant to sit about in them on the hot sands, so long as they don't get wet. We get into really rather marvellous clothes in the afternoon because we can't have these French women outshining us in a place that has belonged to Englishwomen by right of hotel and pension possession for goodness knows how many August moons.

But if we were in the least bit honest with ourselves and others (which is more than you can decently expect) we should say that the sun-soaked day was in reality a period of waiting for the Casino-lit night.

You really ought to be here (you are probably in some expensive English place—very dull of you) to see our *pension* come into the Casino after the coffee and alleged *fine* champagne have been dealt with recklessly. I am sure we must be like hundreds of other English people up and down this coast—only nicer, of course. There is Miss Arbuthnot, spinster of this parish; I believe she is an LL.D. of something or other, and she "graduated," so she tells me in a thinly decisive voice, at Roedean and Cambridge. But she has not got the courage of her literary convictions. She dallies unduly with that two-franc piece of hers until the *croupier* has rasped out *riennevaplus*, which she interprets as an invitation to the dance, and looks pained when he shoves it coldly back at her.

There is Dogsbodie, the stock-broker, who knows a great deal about games of chance and plunges wildly all over the table. He thinks nothing of flopping a five-franc piece down on each of four numbers, another on *impair* and a sixth on *manque*—a dashing fellow with a maddening habit of making mouths at you when they slide the stuff across at him, as they do sometimes—not often.

There is Blenkiron, the bacteriologist, a pale man with horn-rimmed glasses, a black velvet dinner-jacket and a system. An absolutely infallible system whereby you can win 2½ times your stake every third coup *provided*, "and this is very important"—but I forget what the proviso is for the moment. I forget exactly also how much he is "down." I know he is only down, "my dear sir, believe me," because of the quite unprecedented serial on those single unit figures "on the side of the table *opposite* to where I have been sitting of late. . . ."

There is Mrs. Richeborough, who appears in all hotel lists as "Mrs. Richeborough and Maid"—she is like that, don't you know. She is of the type who says, "Oh no! *pardon* me," when piles of silver come from the *croupier* to the nervous person next to her, most of which it seems is hers. But as she is as heavy in her gambling as in her build, and has a suite on our first floor, as opposed to my very back single on the sixth, overlooking the incinerator, one can't very well *say* anything.

GOLFERS IN THE HIMALAYAS

Two pictures of the opposing teams, "Generals" and "The Rest," who took part in an interesting one-day golf match at Naldera, near Simla. Singles were played in the morning and foursomes in the afternoon, "The Rest" proving ultimate winners by 10 matches to 2. The top picture shows the "Generals" team—Standing: Lieut.-Gen. Sir Edwin Atkinson (left), Major-Gen. Godwin, H.E. Lord Rawlinson, Lieut.-Gen. the Hon. Sir Stuart-Wortley, and Major-Gen. Willis; seated: Major-Gen. Sir Walter Leslie, Major-Gen. Cory, and Major-Gen. Fagan. The lower picture shows "The Rest"—Standing: Lieut.-Colonel Butler, Mr. Ley, Mr. Rainy, Mr. Drake; seated: Major Pott, Lieut.-Colonel Alexander, Capt. Penny, Mr. Macleod

can one? I mean, it can't be done.

I, apparently, am the only person who may well be likened to the village idiot, in that I do not grasp my opportunities, and am very slow on the Casino uptake. The truth is that I become a bundle of nerves the moment I get inside the enormous room. There is so much money about. There is the uncertainty of my French. I am more or less all right in a restaurant, because there you can say in a loud voice, pointing to an 8.70 dish on the menu, "*Garçong, donnez moi de ceci*"—and, with the lightning intuition of his race, he gets on with it. But when the austere overlord at the end of the Casino table turns to me and begins, "*Mais, voyons, M'sieur, vous ne pouvez pas . . .*" and threats of that sort before the whole world and its stepneys, I retire abashed and wish I had taken my aunt's advice and joined her at the hired vicarage on the East Coast.

Nevertheless, one does, I admit, get that Monte Carlo feeling. We are gamblers all. We are living the life. We are throwing great lumps of money about the table as if it was dirt. We are taking our losses with that stoical indifference of face and mien that is only acquired, they say, by born gamesters; by the sort of men who break banks. I have only once seen a man who broke a casino bank. He is here at Diablèrie-sur-Mer! No, he doesn't play now. He is quite an old man. He has given it all up. He pushes one of the bath-chairs along the Plage for 10 francs an hour. But he really did break a casino bank somewhere. Aix, I think it was. It was long before the War. I don't know how bad a break it was. In any case, the Casino authorities seem subsequently to have mended the fracture—at his risk and expense. *So* like a Casino.

The dirty dogs.

Golf on the Roof

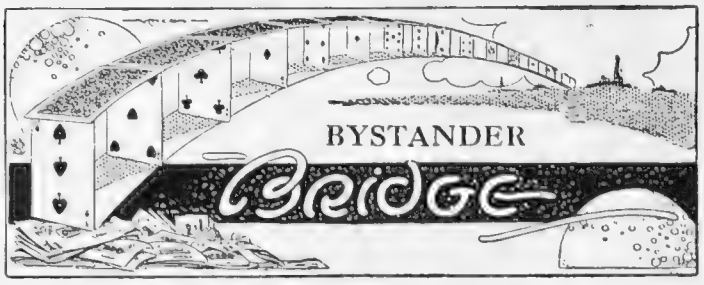
Those who know the difficulties of getting any practice golf in London will welcome the new and ingenious idea of Messrs. G. and L. Salmons, the well-known motor-coach builders and garage-owners, of 8, Upper St. Martin's Lane. They have converted the roof of one of their big garages into a practice ground for golfers. The space available, forty yards by twenty, is totally enclosed by golf netting twenty-six feet high; and two professionals, under the direction of James Braid, are in attendance daily (including Sundays). It is thus possible to get some excellent practice at a very small fee, under conditions that will appeal alike to the beginner—who must have privacy, poor chap—and the overworked business man, who has only an hour or so to spare.

Life's Little Agonies

BY H. M. BATEMAN

THE FIRST MEAL TEST

Wealthy Americans on a visit to "Yurrup" have, it is said, been advertising for gentlemen companions *who must be good raconteurs.* This is our artist's impression of a poor but honest scion of an ancient county family earning his first meal under trying circumstances



BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER

RAISING TO "TWO NO-TRUMPS"

A READER puts the following case:

"Z deals and bids 'one Diamond,' A 'No bid.' Y hesitates, contemplating a higher call, and B says 'No bid' out of turn. What can Z do?"

Z can claim a new deal or allow the bid out of turn to stand and repeat his bid of "one Diamond," in which case the bidding proceeds as if no error had been made. It would not be equitable that Y through B's fault should be debarred from further bidding. Therefore all Z has to do is to repeat his bid of "one Diamond" if he wishes the bidding to proceed.

. . . . . .

A controversial point is whether it is advisable to support your partner's bid of "one No Trumps" when there has been no intervening bid. It is agreed by some that it is ridiculous to do so. "Why cry out before you are hurt?" they say. "Why increase your partner's contract unnecessarily? If you have good support in No Trumps there is no necessity to proclaim the fact unless the opponents bid. Further, by putting up your partner you may lose a good chance of a double." I have even heard it said that it is "sheer madness" to make a pre-emptive raise of this description.

. . . . . .

But I do not think the matter can be dismissed so lightly. If you are playing with a "No Trump fiend" who calls on an Ace and two hopes, it is folly to put him up unless you have a cast-iron certainty. You know he had not a No Trumper to start with. You have. Let it go at that and be thankful if he just makes his contract with the aid of your good hand.

But if you are playing with a sound partner who bids a reasonable No Trumper the raise *under certain conditions* is very wise, and may be most beneficial.

You should, however, discriminate in the matter. If you have a good all-round hand, or if you have strength in one or both major suits, the pre-emptive raise is unnecessary. But if you have a long minor suit solid, or capable of being established in one round with a further card of entry, bid at once to "two No Trumps."

. . . . . .

Now let me give my reasons. First of all, the bid is informative and reassuring to your partner. It tells him not only that you have genuine support for a No Trumper, but that you desire that the game shall be played in No Trumps and not in a suit. Secondly—and this is the most important point of all—it shuts out a two bid by fourth player.

After a bid of "one No Trumps" and two passes, fourth hand will, if he reasonably can, bid two of a suit to *show a lead*.

If you have stepped in with a bid of "two No Trumps" you have made it difficult for him. He might have been ready to risk a bid of two of a suit in view of the importance of getting it led by his partner. But he may not like to bid three. Your bid may shut him out from showing his strong suit.

. . . . . .

If, however, he ventures on a bid of three of a suit, your partner, knowing that you have some strength in your hand, can double with far greater confidence than he could otherwise, or he can bid "three No Trumps" if that looks better than the double.

Frequently have I seen games won by a judicious raise to "two No Trumps," games which would not have been won if fourth hand had been allowed to show a suit.

Here is a case in point. Score: Game all. Z bid "one No Trumps," holding—

S—K, 5, 3. H—A, J, 7, 2. D—K, Q, 5. C—J, 7, 4.

A said "No bid"; Y "two No Trumps," holding—

S—6, 2. H—Q, 9, 3. D—6, 3. C—A, K, Q, 10, 8, 2.

B held five Spades to Ace, Queen, Jack, and Ace of Diamonds. He would have called "two Spades," and if Spades had been opened would have saved the game. But the "two No Trumps" silenced him. Diamonds were opened, drawing the Ace the first time and Z made four by cards.

. . . . . .

A reader vouches for the following: He called "two No-Trumps," holding 100 for Aces and little else of value in his hand. His partner put down:—

S—5, 4, 3, 2 H—4, 3, 2. D—4, 3, 2. C—4, 3, 2.

This is the worst hand it is possible to hold, and he wants to know if any one else has ever experienced such a thing?

A hand that does not contain a card above a 5 is certainly remarkable, and I should think a hand which held all the lowest cards in all four suits is a record.

"BEGGAR ME NEIGHBOUR!" By Graham Simmons

MAID: "Please, mum, the people next door want to know if they can borrow the lawn-mower"

MISTRESS: "What an idea! Fancy thinking of cutting grass on the Sabbath! Tell them we have not got a lawn-mower"

Bystander Four Weeks' Competition.—No. IV.

(Fourth Week. Final Problem)

Score: Game all. Z deals and bids "One No Trumps," A "No bid," Y "Two Spades," B "No bid," Z "Two No Trumps," A "No bid," Y "Three Spades," B "No bid." Z holds—

S—A, 10. H—A, Q, J, 8, 5. D—A, 4. C—A, J, 10, 4.

(*a*) What should Z say?

Score: Love. Z deals and holds—

S—K, J, 10, 7, 4, 3. H—A, Q, 10. D—8. C—6, 4, 2.

(*b*) What should Z say?

Score: Game all. A, B 16 in rubber game. Z deals and bids "One No Trumps." A "*three* Spades." Y and B "No bid." Z holds—

S—A, 5, 2. H—A, J, 4. D—A, 7 2. C—A, Q, J, 2.

(*c*) What should Z say?

. . . . . .

Solutions to all queries given in the past four weeks should be sent in together—solutions sent separately will be disqualified—and addressed: Bridge Competition, No. IV, BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C.4. They must reach the office not later than first post on Monday, September 1.

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RACING NOTIONS. BY "CARBINE"

The Leger Favourite

MR. GEORGE LAMBTON was not at Stockton to see the successes of Torlonia and Blanchisseuse on Wednesday, but I was able to secure a most reassuring account of Sansovino. The hock which was inflamed in the early days of the month is now, I am informed, quite normal, and no recurrence of the trouble is feared. It is still questionable, of course, whether the stoppage in his preparation for a week or so will not be detrimental to the Derby winner's prospects of success in the St. Leger. If you fancy his chance I do not think you will lose much by waiting until within a day or two of the race before backing him. Even if by this delay you have to take a point shorter than the price at which he is now quoted, you will at least have the satisfaction of knowing whether Sansovino has completed his preparation properly. At Stockton I was also informed that the Whatcombe colt, Salmon Trout, is going on well, while from Newmarket favourable reports continue to come of Straitlace and Polyphontes.

Outsiders

THERE is not much to choose between the prices of these four cracks, and people who like longer odds to their money are looking for a likely outsider. I have in mind two long shots, one of whom might bring off a surprise at Doncaster. One is the Stockton winner, Santorb, and the other the hitherto backward Reggio. My information is that the latter may prove the best of the Manton contingent. It is said that he is making rapid progress in the right direction, and if he goes on at the same rate he will certainly have to be reckoned with on the Town Moor. I am quite sure that so far nothing like the best has been seen of Reggio on the racecourse. Santorb may be rather a forlorn hope for the St. Leger, but at least we know that the colt is a fine stayer, and it never pays to despise real stamina in the last of the classic races. I recall that Polemarch picked up the same race at Stockton as Santorb did last week as a preliminary to winning the St. Leger, and Mr. Barclay Walker is not without hope that his colt will repeat history. The presence of the Grand Prix winner will add to the interest of the big race at Doncaster. Apparently this colt's recent defeat at Deauville is not to deter M. Mantacheff from his intention of sending Transvaal to England. His victory in the Grand Prix looked to be decidedly flukey, yet we cannot deny his staying powers, and if the English three-year-olds are below average excellence, the foreigner may make the best of them gallop in earnest.

The Ebor

ONE of this week's problems is to find the winner of the Ebor Handicap at York on Wednesday. Two whom I have ticked off as likely to render a good account of themselves are Lighthouse and Audlem. It is well known that the former of these is of little use when the ground is on the firm side, so he should be suited by the conditions at York. There has been a good deal of rain in the North during the past week, and the going on the Knavesmire will be quite soft enough for Lighthouse. I do not think we need pay much attention to his recent defeat at Windsor, as that rather cramped course would not favour this long-striding colt. As for Audlem, I have a vivid recollection of the fine show he put up against older horses at Ascot, and if he has not lost that form he should have something to do with the finish of the Ebor. I shall make **Lighthouse** my selection, and I take AUDLEM as second string

York Attractions

YORK August meeting is always one of the most enjoyable of the season, and this week the racing promises to be up to its usual standard of interest. SANTORB may win the Duke of York Plate on Wednesday. Perhaps BLUE LAKE will score, though her form so far this season has been distinctly disappointing. The Convivial Produce Stakes may go to **Kalindi**. On the following day comes the historic "Gimcrack." Some of the notable entries are the Sun Worship colt, Game Shot, Oojah, Sir Kenneth, and Diacquenod. Thus a good race is assured. I look for the success of **Game Shot**. We are not likely to see Sansovino in the Great Yorkshire Stakes, which **Great Barrier** may secure.

The American Polo Team

After eleven trial matches in one week—a pretty clear proof, this, of American seriousness and thoroughness—the U.S.A. polo team that is to oppose our representatives next month was chosen last week. It is the same team that inflicted a severe defeat on a strong trial side two days before by sixteen goals to three, viz.: Mr. Watson Webb (No. 1), Mr. T. Hitchcock (No. 2), Mr. Malcolm Stevenson (No. 3), and Mr. Devereux Milburn (back). A pretty good indication of the strength of our redoubtable opponents—as far as form goes, at any rate—seems to lie in the fact that that strong player, Mr. Earl Hopping, is one of the reserves.

Photographs

LORD LASCELLES WITH HIS TRAINER, R. MARSH

SIR EDWARD HANMER (left), CAPTAIN J. R. RENWICK, AND LADY HANMER

Sport and General

LADY LONDONDERRY AND MR. HENRY MILNER

ROUND THE COURSE AT STOCKTON

True to its reputation, the Summer Meeting drew the usual large attendance of holiday-makers and "regulars" last week, the unsettled weather having little or no effect on the attendance. Lord Lascelles achieved a popular win when Pick and Choose, the favourite, won the Zetland Plate on the second day

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CAMERA NOTES

CLOUD EFFECTS

IN the photography of outdoor subjects the unskilled worker betrays himself more surely in his rendering of skies than, perhaps, in any other way. The charm of an English summer landscape scene often depends primarily on the beauty of its cloud-formations, and the success with which these clouds are retained in the print is an almost infallible index to the skill of the photographer.

Why Clouds are Lost

THE first factor concerned in the problem of sky rendering is the fact that an exposure which is just sufficient to record the details of the foreground of a subject means a great over-exposure of the much more luminous expanse of sky. Over-exposure always entails a softening of the contrasts, so that on a photographic negative a sky which presents marked visual contrasts necessarily tends to produce a uniform silver deposit in which these variations in tone are lost.

Further, even when these variations are still discernible visually in the negative, the sky portion may have gained such density in development that it becomes difficult, if not impossible, to print the negative so as to record satisfactorily the sky gradation.

Thirdly, there arises the question of colour values. A sunlit cumulus

A SWISS LANDSCAPE
The Reuss at Gurtnellen

cloud stands out vividly from a blue expanse of sky largely by reason of the colour-contrast, which, however, can play no part in a photograph. In fact, to the ordinary photographic plate, which is sensitive primarily to blue rays, the blue background of sky seems practically as bright as the white cloud, and is reproduced by the same tone in the negative.

Practical Points

THE importance of these several factors varies greatly in individual cases. For instance, in the case of a very open landscape or a seascape for which a very short exposure may be given, or when the sky is heavily overcast, presenting only a series of tones in grey, one or other of these factors does not come into play, and there is then no difficulty in retaining the sky gradation.

The first-named factor suggests three precautions, namely, to give the shortest adequate exposure when it is desired to preserve cloud-forms, to protect the lens with a hood or improvised shade from the diffused light from the sky, and to avoid a camera the bellows of which are so designed as, when extended, to reflect light towards the film.

Excessive density in the skies of negatives may be avoided by soft development or remedied by local reduction of the negative, either by a chemical or an abrasive method.

The Sands Hunter Catalogue

THE latest edition of the catalogue issued by Sands Hunter's, 37, Bedford Street, Strand, W.C.2, provides a useful review of current photographic specialities, and is worth a temporary place on the amateur's shelf of reference books. In it will also be found details of the very varied selection of second-hand apparatus now being offered at attractive prices. T. L. J. BENTLEY

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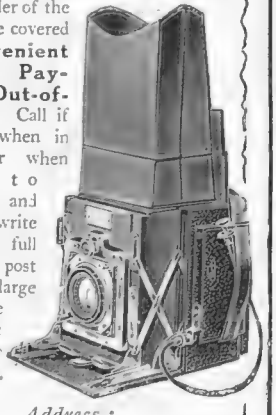

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DEWAR'S

FEMINA

ELECTRIC LIGHT FITTINGS. By MRS. M. VINCE

IDOLS OF PARIS

An attractive portrait of Madame Marthe Régnier, the famous French comedienne, taken *chez elle*. Madame Régnier, who scored such a success in Paris this season in Paul Geraldy's comedy, "Si Je Voulais," is a clever business woman as well as an actress. Her smart hat, shop in the Rue François I (near the Champs Elysées) is already well known to the chic monde that visits Paris. But as the chic monde is now visiting Deauville, thither has gone Marthe Régnier with her hats and with the latest thing in hat-shops—a Seine steamboat!

"And I should like electric light for the offices," says Grizzlebeard in *The Four Men*, "but one wants candles for the rooms."

It is true that no light is so mellow and beautiful as the wax-candle. There is an electric lamp which is advertised with a cock crowing at it in mistake for the rising sun. But candles are a light left behind from the sunset.

It is over a century since lighting by gas was invented, and half a century since we first had electric light, but we are far from having done with candles. I suppose that the greater part of Great Britain and Ireland is still lighted by oil lamps and candles, and while there are still some people left who have never been in a railway train, there must be thousands who have never used gas or electric light.

It is very evident that by the end of the eighteenth century people would have been very glad of electricity. They must have wanted badly a stronger illuminant, for it is astonishing how they filled their rooms with candles. You remember the description of the best sitting-room in Mr. Wardle's house in *Pickwick Papers* when it was ready for the dance. "In all sorts of recesses and on all kinds of brackets stood massive old silver candlesticks with four branches each."

It was not only in brackets and sconces on the walls that candles were placed. There were central chandeliers; there were stands about the room; there were branches for candles on the bottom corners of the frames of pictures and mirrors. You can see at once the difference which little more than half a century had made by comparing the 1750 room in the Palace of Arts at Wembley with the 1815 room. In the first there is no arrangement for lighting at all. It would be done entirely by candlesticks and candelabra placed on the furniture. In the 1815 room there is a large lustre chandelier in the centre, there are wall brackets, and there are branches on the mirror above the mantelpiece, not to mention a lamp with colza oil. Beautiful as this multitude of candles must have been, it must also have been rather overpowering—and intolerably hot. For even had fresh air been the fashion, the candles would have made open windows impossible. We know what it would be like, once a year, when the tree is lighted at Christmas, but for all the beauty of that warm and golden light filling the room, I doubt very much if we should like to have it every night.

In another sense also we have not done with the candle. Its name is permanent in chandelier and candelabra; and it is still the chief influence in our light fittings. We have invented new lights in the last century, and new fuels and new stoves, and shown our ingenuity in a hundred such ways, but we have never succeeded in designing anything so beautiful for lights as the candelabra, chandeliers, and wall-brackets in silver and brass, glass and wood, which were made in the eighteenth century.

Photograph *Foulsham & Banfield*

MISS JULIO SUDO

A clever Cabaret dancer who is taking the part of Zarmi in the mystery Fu Manchu films

It is, I think, the weakness of our lighting with electricity that we are still too much under the influence of these chandeliers and wall-brackets—beautiful though they are—which were designed for candles. It is one thing, when one already has old chandeliers, to adapt them to electricity by fitting them with an imitation candle having an electric lamp on top. This is a form of imitation which only an inhuman purist would condemn, so long as the imitation of the candle itself in wood, and of the candle flame in an electric lamp, is purely conventional. Unfortunately it is now being carried to absurd lengths of realism, so that one can actually get wooden candles for electric lights in which the dripping of the wax down the side of the candle is accurately copied. And now, I suppose, we must expect an electric lamp to go on top, exactly copying the smoking flame of a candle, and possibly, also, imitation snuffers placed in readiness about the room.

But while it is one thing to adapt old chandeliers to electricity, it is quite another to use them as the model for chandeliers made expressly to take electric light. To do that is to lose the most important practical advantages of electricity. In spite of the fact that it must always be tethered by its wires, the electric light is really much more mobile than the delicate candle flame. It can be used, as a candle could not, in chandeliers that pull up and down, and, above all, its lamps can be fixed so as to throw their light down. These advantages are lost when one uses electricity in a chandelier made for candles.

You cannot invert a candle. At least, ordinary people cannot. But one great man refused to admit this limitation. Dr. Johnson was in the habit, when a candle did not light his book well enough, of taking it out of the candlestick and holding it upside down—letting the wax drip on the carpet. Boswell calls it an uncouth habit which "could not but be disagreeable to a lady." No doubt Boswell was right there, but since our carpets are not in question, we can admire the courage with which this philosopher overcame the natural limitations of the candle. How he would have enjoyed an electric lamp which he could have turned upside down, held in any way he liked, even laid down on his book! And how vigorously he would have condemned the antiquarian folly of people who, having this wonderful thing, half wasted it by pretending that it was a candle!

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NOBEL

A Bystander among the BOOKS

By RALPH STRAUS

PEOPLE, I dare say, are still declaring that they wish "to forget the War," although the success of a recent play which treats of nothing else suggests that any such desire is on the wane. In any case, there has just been published a picture of modern warfare as it was in Flanders and France, which comes as near to the real thing as you are likely to find. *The Natural Man* (Grant Richards: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) is a remarkable document in many respects. Of story there is none, beyond that through which every man at the front lived, but the ordinary story is not needed. You do not particularly want to know what happened to Peter Blaven either before or after the War, but you do relish every little incident that came his way while he wore khaki. Peter was a subaltern in the gunners, and his experiences were probably shared by thousands of others. He took his job seriously, had his successes and failures, took his likes and dislikes, and—somehow came through. And you believe in him. You feel that you probably came across him somewhere or other during those four astonishing years.

IT seems to me that Mr. Miller's writing is unusually good. His narrative is simple and direct. And while Peter himself naturally receives the lion's share of his author's attention, his fellow officers are etched in with no little skill. Reading on, you alternately become angry and proud—that such things should be, which is no doubt the precise effect that Mr. Miller wished to produce. His book is no light novel to be read in an hour; it deserves, and should obtain, slow and careful reading. Whether he will produce another work of equal merit, where imagination instead of experience has to be drawn on, remains to be seen; at the moment it is enough to say that he has written one of the vividest accounts of modern war that has been printed.

ACTORS have written novels before now, but I fancy that Mr. Guy Newall must be the first British cinema-star to make the attempt. His *Husband Love* (Constable: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) is a curiously intriguing book. Anything less like the drama in which Mr. Newall has played his part could hardly be imagined. *Husband Love* is a queer little fairy-like story about a man and his wife who play one of those foolish and very loveable games which most lovers at one time or another invent for themselves. In the case of Jim and Paula, the game revolves round an imaginary hunchback, and as long as he remains imaginary all is well. But Mr. Rubberface startlingly comes to life, and trouble speedily follows. Poor little Baptista is a pathetic figure, with his dog and his miserable antique shop, but he is good to read about. It may be that only those who have played some similar game will understand Jim's curious behaviour with the hunchback, but even so, most people will enjoy Mr. Newall's strange story, and a few may wonder a little that so clever an idea has not been used in fiction before.

THERE is no reason at all why Mr. Phillips Oppenheim should not write any kind of novel that he pleases, but you cannot help feeling a little surprised when you read his new book, *The Passionate Quest* (Hodder & Stoughton 7*s.* 6*d.* net). For here, in place of an exciting melodrama, with one of those mysterious adventuresses who turn out to be heroines, and a villain whose skill in evil-doing is near to the miraculous, you have the simple story of two young men and a young woman from the provinces coming to London "to make good." Of its kind it is a good enough story, though I confess that I can rarely understand those ruthless young men of commerce who succeed in making a fortune in two or three years. But I fancy that many of Mr. Oppenheim's readers will find themselves wishing that he had not strayed so far from his usual path. At the same time it is only fair to say that the novel is not without its small surprise.

THREE new detective stories lie on my table. Of these *The Devil Wolf* (Fisher Unwin: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), by Norma Schinke is distinctly the best. Here the background is American, although the hero is a baronet. Who the villain may be I shall not divulge. You may or may not guess his identity: personally I was never quite sure, and for quite a few chapters suspected the wrong person. Apart from one rather far-fetched coincidence the story is cunningly told, and it will pass an agreeable hour. With regard to the second story, *The Secret of Greylands* (Lane: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), by Annie Haynes, it is really *too* complicated. There are so many relationships to be mastered, and so little mystery to be cleared up once the identity of a certain invalid has been disclosed, that one becomes rather bored. Most of the characters have titles, but they are more or less puppets, and the hand of the amateur does not always remain hidden.

THE third story has distinction. In writing *The Black Parrot* (Thornton Butterworth: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) Mr. Harry Hervey has not only invented a first-rate yarn, but discovered a background which to most readers will be wholly unfamiliar. Who and what the Black Parrot may be I must not say, but the adventures of a little group of people in Siam and other far-away places are sufficiently thrilling, and it is a real pleasure to find a story of mystery written so graciously and well. R. S.

MR. C. H. RIDDING

The well-known lawn-tennis coach, who was recently appointed secretary and coach to the Harcourt Lawn Tennis Club at Baron's Court. The Harcourt Club, which was only opened recently, should prove a welcome addition to London tennis clubs. Lord Balfour is its President, and its membership list includes many "well-knowns" in Society and in the lawn-tennis world

An Artistic Production

Visitors to the West Room of Peter Robinson's new restaurant in Oxford Street cannot fail to have been struck by Mr. George Murray's very beautiful paintings on the vaulted ceilings. Some excellent reproductions of these pictures, which are scenes from various operas, have now been printed by Messrs. Peter Robinson in a souvenir booklet.

Born 1820——Still going Strong!

LITERARY SPIRIT SERIES No. 11

THE OLD MERMAID TAVERN, Aldersgate Street, for which the distinction is claimed of being "continuously an inn longer than any other hostelry in the Metropolis." Often visited by Shakespeare, Ben Jonson and their friends.

Johnnie Walker: "So this was the rendezvous of the choicest spirits of the Age."

Shade of Ben Jonson: "Yes! but none were so choice as you are."

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND

THE IDLE DOG

REASONS versus SENTIMENT

By "THE KENNELMAN"

SOME of the finest Dogs in the world will hold levee at the Championship Show at Brighton next Tuesday and Wednesday. Messrs. Spillers will bench and feed, and one hears of intending visitors from as far afield as the Highlands, not to mention the Continent.

It would seem that two ladies (sisters) in Ryde (I.O.W.) have done The Kennelman the honour of "studying every line" of these Notes from the day of their first appearance ("we have over a hundred instalments bound in a book"), and that he, most unfortunately, is obliged to decline the first request made by these readers. But, to be worth his salt, your Kennelman simply must love honour most, and abide by conviction:

> Your remarks from time to time about "working Dogs" are always interesting, but . . . to us sometimes disturbing. . . . England has led the world in refusing to allow our canine friends to be made beasts of burden. Now there seems danger for a fine tradition . . . partly because of the popularity of the Airedale and the Alsatian, among other War effects. . . . Will you not lend the weight of your expert pen to check a tendency which . . . threatens greatly to increase the move towards making our Dog friends work; as though . . . companionship . . . were not the best of all gifts?

Now for reasons, why honesty compels The Kennelman (*a*) to decline; (*b*) to admit that he desires, not less, but more of rational work for Dogs; and believes the present tendency deserves, not deprecation, but stimulation and encouragement; that its outcome needs, not lessening, but doubling and quadrupling.

Admitting that we have the finest Dogs in the world, and that, taking it by and large, this is the best country in the world for Dogs, The Kennelman has seen in this happy land hundreds of admirably bred Dogs who are obviously unhappy in their lives—solely as the result of boredom and ennui, and the host of physical and other ills arising therefrom and associated therewith. He has studied working Dogs closely, on the Continent, and in the far North-West. Very occasionally those studies have given him instances of ill-treatment; once, of downright cruelty. *Never* has he known a working Dog to be really unhappy in his life; to suffer from being a working Dog.

Contributory factors: The healthy Dog is pre-eminently a keen *lover of activity*; happiest when busiest; intolerant of inaction and quietude. Observe the sporting, hunting, tracking Dog, and remember steadily the fact that all hopeful, purposeful activity is the same to him; whether humans call it play or work. Experience proves that everything which tends to raise the practical market value of humans or animals tends to raise their standard of treatment and general well-being. Irrational activity—"tricks"—is an abomination to Dogdom; rational activity involving partnership with man is Dog's delight.

Apart from any selfish or economic consideration, The Kennelman sees only advantage in strictly regulated draught work for Dogs who turn the scale at half a hundredweight or so, *because they are keen on it—love it.* As for patrolling, police and kindred duty, they delight every Dog who knows them, as keenly as any form of sport ever devised. In the practice of his highly skilled calling the Sheepdog is always at his happiest and best. In human interests, every police constable outside strictly urban limits should be accompanied by his own trained Dog. It would mightily enhance his value to the community, his contentment, and his efficiency. Ignoring this is foolishness.

By Appointment

Cider in Summer

AT Picnics, Tennis Parties, Dinner Parties and Summer Dances, Cider is the perfect summer drink—refreshing, invigorating and thirst-quenching. Bulmer's is recognised as the appropriate Cider for all occasions by those who know and want the best. It is evolved from the products of the best orchards by the elaborate champagne process, and also, owing to its low acidity, doctors recommend Bulmer's Champagne Cider to gouty or rheumatic patients.

Sold in all Restaurants at Wembley.

A BULMER RECIPE FOR CIDER CUP.

1 large bottle of Bulmer's Champagne Cider, broken ice, fresh fruit, orange, pineapple, bananas, slice of lemon, dash of Maraschino. Soda water optional.

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SPECIFICATION and PRICES

2-cylinder engine, 85mm. x 100mm. practically vibrationless; 3 speeds and reverse. Equipment includes electric lighting, horn, spare wheel and tyre, and hood with all-weather side curtains. Self-starter, £12 extra

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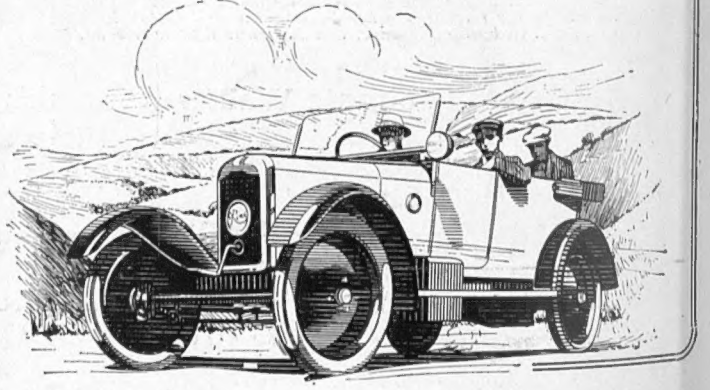

The VAUXHALL four-wheel braking system

One of the finest achievements of British motor-car engineering is offered in the

23-60 VAUXHALL

Just as the harmonically-balanced Vauxhall engine has solved a long-standing problem, so the Vauxhall braking system has made available in simplified form the benefits of four-wheel braking power.

The 23 60 h.p. Vauxhall 'Kington' touring car, £925. Chass s, £725. There is a wide range of closed and convertible bodies. The maximum body space available is 9ft. 9in.

now standardised in the 23-60 model as well as the 30-98 model is one of the simplest yet devised.

It requires no operating motor.

Adjustments for wear are of the simplest kind and are made externally.

The working of the front brakes is unaffected by frame or spring deflections, or by steering movement.

The control mechanism is placed between the front frame members. Its principle ensures balanced braking action, leaving the steering absolutely unembarrassed.

The redesigned front axle, springs and saddle-plate provide the necessary additional strength.

Braking on the four wheels is secured through an ingenious linkage connecting the front brakes and the transmission brake, the latter being given a slight lead.

The hand-brake independently controls the rear wheels.

The dependability, smooth and decisive action, and freedom from complications of the Vauxhall four-wheel braking system, constitute advantages of the first importance to users of large high-powered cars of the best class.

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THE CAR SUPEREXCELLENT

The 30-98 h.p. Vauxhall from £1220

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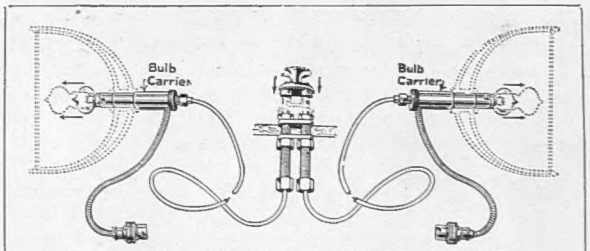

The "A-L" Anti-Dazzle Focus Headlight Attachment. Sketch showing how it works.

"The Best Dimming Device I Know."

—LORD MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU.

That is how Lord Montagu described the "A-L" Focus Headlight Attachment in the June issue of "Woman." But it is more than a dimming device, as Lord Montagu goes on to explain. It gives the motorist complete control of the focus of the headlamps, by the easy manipulation of a plunger on the dash-board, from the normal long, narrow beam to a broad beam illuminating both sides of the road. Besides being a real anti-dazzle device, it is of the utmost service in fog or mist and when "cornering."

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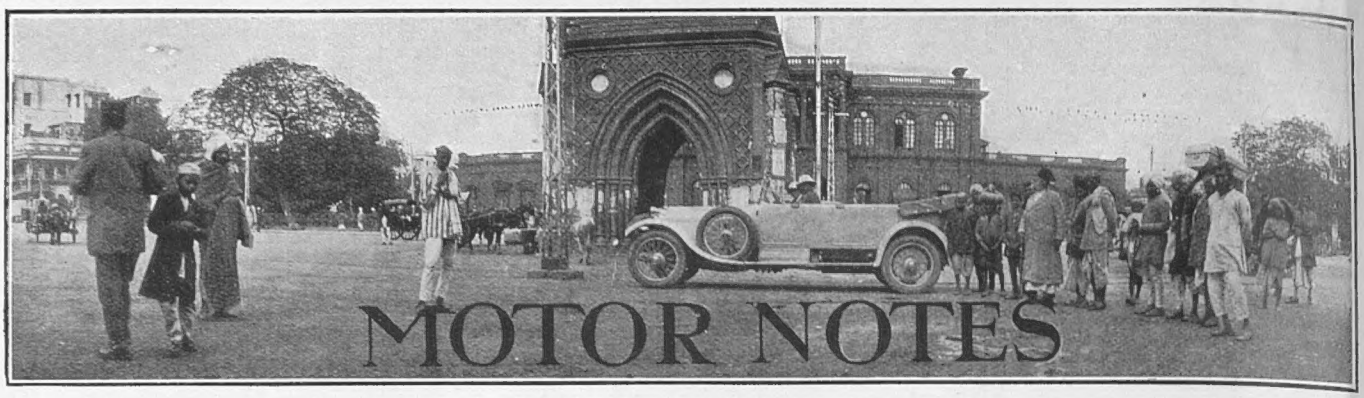

MOTOR NOTES

PARDONABLE CURIOSITY

A 40/50 h.p. Six-Cylinder Napier which appeared to arouse the curiosity of the natives of Delhi. The photograph was taken near the Clock Tower in Chandai Chouk, which can be seen in the background

PRINCE HENRY has purchased a new Sunbeam car, which may help to soften the disappointment of the makers in not winning the Grand Prix d'Europe at Lyons. In this 500-mile race the Sunbeam team unwisely changed the magnetos they had been running on so well in practice, for new ones on the eve of the race. As misfiring happened to all three cars the drivers had to stop and change the plugs, thinking these were the trouble. Seagrave, whose Sunbeam 2-litre racer finished fifth in the event, lost 27 minutes in this manner, and it was not until he had changed his new magneto for the old one originally on the car that his compulsory stops concluded. As a matter of fact, Mr. Coatalen stated the K.L.G. plugs gave no trouble, as it was the magneto that failed, and if the cars had been run on the old ones the result might have been different, with no ignition troubles experienced. Lee Guinness' car was finally stopped through the failing of the ball-bearing in the universal joint, but Resta's and Seagrave's cars had no trouble at all other than the magneto, for which at first the plugs had been blamed wrongfully.

* * *

THE air race for the King's Cup, won on handicap by Mr. Alan J. Cobham on the Siddeley "Puma"-engined D.H.50 aeroplane, proved how reliable our British aero engines are to-day. Capt. Macmillan's Fairey 3 D seaplane, with its Napier "Lion" engine, was second; Mr. Alan S. Butler's D. H. 37 airplane, with its Rolls-Royce engine, third; then came Flight-Lieut. H. W. G. Jones' air-cooled Siddeley-Siskin III, the scratch man, who finished first actually, followed by two other Napier-engined machines. Out of the ten that started six finished, and not one of the competitors had engine troubles. Sir Charles Wakefield entered the winner, and both Castrol oil and BP. petrol again headed the prize list.

* * *

MUCH interest is being taken in the sports type of models now being sold by Crossley Motors, Ltd., as 80 miles an hour with quite a roomy body is the speed at which they can travel. Also there is a friendly rivalry between the fast 17-30 h.p. Itala, marketed by that racing motorist, Malcolm Campbell, and these Sports Crossleys, each of which offers great facilities for fast touring. In days past, Vauxhalls practically held all this business to themselves, and they still retain a good share, but swift travel is now offered by the Bentley, Itala, and Crossley—though why folk want to exceed 50 miles an hour on English roads puzzles me. I had a run lately in the latest 20 h.p. Rolls-Royce. This, on a main road, had an acceleration equal to 10 miles an hour per telegraph pole from nought to 60 miles an hour: then I saw a cow in the distance, so up went my foot. Perhaps I might have touched a higher figure if the road would have let me, but there are few occasions when it is possible and safe—with strong accent on the "safe!"

* * *

WITH the Rotax lighting set fitted to the new Daimler limousines recently bought by the King, and with the coachwork built by Hoopers, attention is drawn to the fact that new interior carriages are to have higher clearances inside. Why Rotax come into the story is because that firm are interested in the Weymann patent saloon bodies as licensees. The King and Queen have set the fashion of having a motor carriage one can enter or leave wearing a Field-Marshal's hat and plumes or a silk hat without hitting it, when either getting in or sitting down, on the interior roof of the carriage. For which I know most ladies at any rate will be glad. Now Weymann saloon bodies are being fitted on all sorts of high-class chassis, as the design is greatly improved and the leather-like material of its panels shines as brightly as varnish.

* * *

IN a recent trip over that high altitude road, the Col du Galibier in the French Alps, in a 40-50 h.p. Rolls-Royce touring car, I was wonderfully surprised to find that the steering lock of this long wheel-base carriage easily permitted it to turn the many hairpin bends in this 8,000 ft. ascent and descent on a steep and narrow Alpine mountain road. I must say I was glad we met no other car on this pass, as with a precipice on one side and the rocks on the other it would have been a tight fit. Fortunately, the Alpine rule of the road is that the ascending car keeps to the mountain side, and the descending vehicle has to take that on which the precipice lies. The Rolls-Royce ran extremely smoothly over the roughest French roads at a speed where other cars had to slow down, a tribute to its excellent springing. Also the brakes were excellent, and no descent however steep or slippery worried us a little bit. Averaging between 45 and 50 miles an hour, we covered 1,200 miles in four days and a half, including many miles at a speed between sixty and seventy miles an hour. I felt almost sorry to have to return to England and slower speeds, but one has to say "good-bye" to everything some time. So *vale*, my Bystanders, both at home and abroad, as another pen in future will write these notes in place of

OLD HY.

THE GREAT WHITE WAY

An Automobile Association patrol-man wearing the new white gloves and coat which have recently been introduced. They make it easier for motorists to observe and respond to signals

The Winning Spirit

Mr. A. J. Cobham, who won the 1,000 miles air race round Great Britain for the King's Cup, completed the course in the flying time of 8 hours 57 minutes. This sustained high rate of progress naturally put a severe test on his engines. He was using "BP.," the petrol produced by the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, so, thanks to the high quality of this product, nothing went amiss with the engines.